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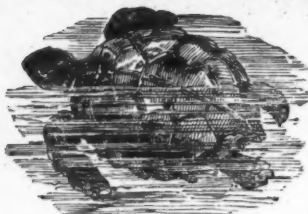
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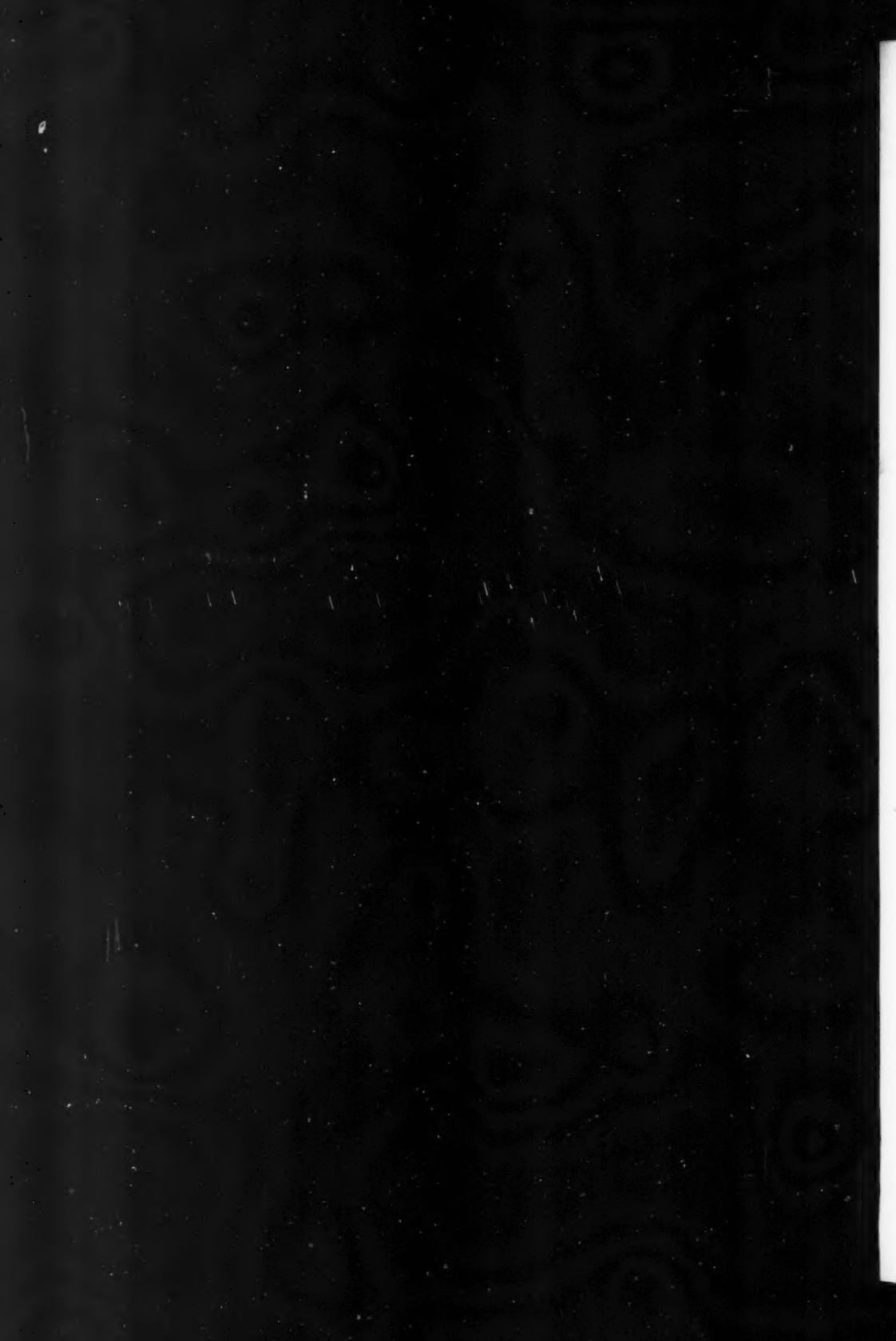
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Fifth Series, }
Volume LXXXII. }

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXCIV. }

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MEMORY.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY CHARLOTTE
BRONTE.

WHEN the dead in their cold graves are
lying

Asleep, to wake never again,
When past are their smiles and their sigh-
ing,

Oh ! why should their memories remain ?

Though sunshine and spring may have
lightened

The wild flowers that blow on their
graves ;

Though summer their tombstones have
brightened,

And autumn have pall'd them with
leaves ;

Though winter have wildly bewailed them

With her dirge wind, as sad as a knell ;

Though the shroud of her snow-wreath
have veiled them,

Still, how deep in our bosoms they dwell !

The shadow and sun-sparkle vanish,

The cloud and the light fleet away ;

But man from his heart may not banish

Ev'n thoughts that are torment to stay.

The reflection departs from the river,

When the tree that hung o'er is cut
down ;

But on Memory's calm current forever

The shade, without substance, is thrown.

When quenched in the glow of the ember,

When the life-fire ceases to burn,

Oh ! why should the spirit remember ?

Oh ! why should the parted return ?

Because that the fire is *still* shining,

Because that the lamp is still bright ;

While the body in dust is reclining,

The soul lives in glory and light.

Cornhill Magazine.

"KNOWLEDGE COMES AND WISDOM
LINGERS."

HERE's a rough rhyme to suit the time,
Not all in praise of olden days ;
But just to raise, if 'tis no crime,
A doubt as to our wiser ways.

For instance, once were wrong and right,
And which was which 'twas clear to see.
It was not all a question quite
Dependent on heredity.

And though, as now, with one consent,
Each followed his peculiar ism,
None thought the higher knowledge sent
For guidance to Agnosticism.

Natural, too, it seemed that men
Had always borne a human shape.
We traced descent from Adam then,
Nor aimed to prove our sire an ape.

Woman was wont to stay at home,
Nor deem her case so monstrous hard
That she must claim a right to roam,
And only be "At Home" by card.

The working-man had yet to air
His views on laboring as he likes,
At meetings in Trafalgar Square,
Or prove his argument by strikes.

'Tis true, men knew not many things
Our children have "at tip o' fingers ;"

Yet, after all, as poet sings,
Still "Knowledge comes and wisdom lin-
gers."

Temple Bar.

S. PHILLIPS.

EASTER-DAY SONNET.

LET us not dream our loved ones die alone ;
We too are straitened in their winding-
sheet,

We wear their charnel weeds : our willing
feet

Were fain to follow theirs in ways un-
known.

We stand o'er graves where yet no grass
hath grown,

And on ourselves place funeral garlands
sweet ;

Something within our hearts hath ceased
to beat,

Something of us is laid beneath the stone !

And though, in time, with Christ we rise
again,

So changed are we, that those who loved
us most,

And early seek us in God's garden-
plot,

Did we not speak to them would seek in
vain ;

Like her, who, searching for the Saviour
lost,

Wept at his pierced feet and knew him
not !

ELINOR MARY SWEETMAN.

Spectator.

From Temple Bar.
SYDNEY OWENSON, LADY MORGAN.

"WHAT has a woman to do with dates — cold, false, erroneous, chronological dates?" asks Lady Morgan in her fragment of autobiography. "I take this opportunity of entering a protest against dates. I mean to have none of them!"¹ True to this spirited declaration, she mentions "ancient ould Dublin" as the place of her birth; but only says of the time, that it was "one Christmas day in the latter half of the last century."

Her father was a comedian, "as fine and genuine a specimen of the true Irish soil as the Irish wolf-hound," who, according to Chorley, "legitimately transformed his name of Macowen into Owenson for gentility's sake;" and the first abode his daughter could distinctly recollect was the "National Theatre Music Hall," of which he was deputy manager. It must have seemed a strange and bewildering residence to Mrs. Owenson, a quiet woman (and a devout follower of the Countess of Huntingdon) — no longer in her first youth when she ran away from her Shropshire home with the lively and handsome young actor. Her theatrical domicile was only temporary; but the manager's dramatic and musical friends found their way to the private house in which the poor lady took refuge, and one of them at least — the famous Mrs. Billington — was so little to her taste that when she paid a call Mrs. Owenson fled to her bedroom and locked herself in until the too fascinating visitor had departed. A more welcome guest was the sister of Oliver Goldsmith, a plain little old woman, dressed in black and wearing a "coal-scuttle bonnet," who always carried in one hand a long tin case containing a roll of her brother's portraits.

Mrs. Owenson was not called upon to endure the vicissitudes of her husband's career for many years. After her death her children, Sydney and

Olivia, were sent to a school near Dublin, attended also by Grattan's daughters. The elder of these girls introduced herself to the new-comers by saying: "My papa is the greatest man in Ireland. What is *your* papa?" "My papa," replied Sydney proudly, "is free of the six and ten per cents.!"

Sydney was about twelve years old, a precocious, impressionable child, already showing "an apt predisposition for all that was Irish" — its music, its poetry, its wild and imaginative fables — when Lord Thurles and some other leaders of Irish society proposed that Mr. Owenson should build a theatre in Kilkenny, then called "the Versailles of Ireland." The Marquis of Ormonde, willing to promote any scheme which might harmlessly occupy his alarming son, gave an excellent site for the theatre, and headed the building fund, and under such auspices the work went on apace. The sisters were sent for to join their sanguine father, and Sydney found studies for many of her subsequent heroes and heroines in the brilliant personages, "descendants of the Dunois and Bayards of the Battle of the Boyne," who made the clever actor and his interesting children very welcome amongst them.

Sydney first acquired a passion for pictures in the noble gallery of the Castle, and began to meditate writing a life of Rubens; while in a diocesan library placed at her disposal she found many old Irish works which fostered her dawning interest in the antiquities of her country.

These educational advantages were the most permanent afforded by the sojourn at Kilkenny. The theatre only led to bankruptcy; and Sydney, Olivia, and their faithful nurse Molly were hurriedly deposited in Dublin lodgings during the tedious settlement of Mr. Owenson's affairs. Sydney wrote to him every day, letters brimming over with childish fun and womanly tenderness, making light of privations, turning difficulties into excellent jokes, and showing complete devotion to her luckless and improvident father, whose

¹ Therefore, if these gleanings from her sayings and doings, and from what others have said of her, should prove somewhat unchronological, the compiler may perhaps plead precedent and excuse.

wit, good looks, and good humor she never tired of eulogizing.¹

Sydney had already chosen literature as her profession, and she told Mr. Owenson that she was determined thenceforward not to cost him a penny, as she had two novels nearly ready for publication. But frequent battles with schoolmistresses and lodging-house keepers on the score of unpaid bills had taught her the necessity for an immediate supply of cash, so whilst finishing her stories she sought for employment as a governess. She was engaged by Mrs. Featherstonehaugh of Bracklin Castle, and her Dublin friends gave her a farewell dinner and dance, characteristically deferred until the very eve of her departure. Of course she danced until the last minute, and had to be hurried into the coach, wrapped in the first things that came to hand. After a brief rest at an inn, where a carriage from Bracklin was awaiting her, Sydney found to her dismay that when the mail-coach left it had carried away her boxes. "Fancy, dear papa," she wrote, "my dreadful situation! My whole stock in trade consisted of a white muslin frock, pink silk stockings and shoes, Molly's warm cloak, and an old bonnet!" In this array Miss Owenson presented herself to a large party assembled in the Bracklin drawing-room, in the uncompromising light of a snowy morning. Her hosts looked naturally astonished at a governess who appeared in such a guise; but her skill in singing Irish songs and dancing Irish jigs won their Irish hearts, and many escapades in keeping with her first appearance on the scene were good-naturedly condoned.

When the Featherstonehaugh family went to Dublin for the season, Sir John Stephenson, who taught Sydney's pupils singing, took her and her sister Olivia, accompanied by his little daughter (afterwards the beautiful Marchioness of Headfort), to a musical party at

the house of Moore's parents. The girls went home so bewitched by Tom Moore's songs that, Sydney writes, they "forgot to undress themselves, lay down in their evening frocks, and awakened each other next morning singing 'Friend of My Soul!'" Olivia rose to draw Moore's picture, which looked like a young negro rather than a young poet, and I sat down to my first inspiration for my 'Novice of St. Dominic'—the description of the minstrel under the window of the Lady Magdalen."

During this visit to Dublin her first novel was offered to a publisher. Of course he could give no immediate decision. The young author left no address, and when, after an interval spent at Bracklin, she returned to Dublin and paid some calls, she took up a book lying in a window-seat which proved to be her own "St. Clair." The remuneration she received consisted of four copies of the work. Resolving to try a publisher in London for her next novel, she also resolved to take it there herself; and, being in every respect an inexperienced traveller, she was so exhausted by the journey from Holyhead that when she got out of the coach in the yard of the Swan with Two Necks, Lad Lane, she sat down on her box and fell asleep.

Sir Richard Phillips published the "Novice of St. Dominic,"² and was so far satisfied with its success as to offer two hundred pounds for the first edition of the "Wild Irish Girl," and fifty more for the second and the third. He was a very enthusiastic publisher. The letter which contains this proposal concludes: "Believe me always DEVOTEDLY your calculating lover, R. Phillips."

The calculating lover, hearing that a rival was in the field, added another fifty pounds to his offer, in a letter beginning, "Dear, bewitching, and deluding Syren." He could have had no reason to regret his liberality, for the success of the novel was startling, and Sydney Owenson "woke up one morning and found herself famous." In

¹ About the time of the disastrous Kilkenny experiment, Mr. Owenson collected and printed a little volume of her not very promising verses, which he called "Poems by a Young Lady between Twelve and Fourteen."

² Pitt is said to have read it on his death-bed.

these days the book seems a curious jumble of Irish antiquities and history, patriotism, and sentiment. And it tries one's sympathies to find the heroine saying of herself and her lover, "Thus, like the assymtoles of an hyperbola, without absolutely rushing into contact, we are, by a sweet impulsion, gradually approximating closer and closer towards each other."

The plot of the "Wild Irish Girl" was partly suggested by an episode in the author's life. A young scapegrace named Richard Everard fell madly in love with her. His father, knowing the youth to be idle and the maiden portionless, called on Sydney to urge her to give up her admirer, and was so much fascinated that he proposed to her himself! The Glorvina of real life, however, did not marry either "Lord M—" or "Mortimer," though she seems to have given both father and son some encouragement, as she did up to a certain point to all her numerous suitors.

Among the disappointed ones, it is said, was John Wilson Croker, at that time beginning to be a notoriety in Dublin literary circles. Certainly the extreme bitterness of his attacks on Lady Morgan in later years seems to argue personal vindictiveness—sharply retaliated when she pilloried him as "Crawley" in "Florence Macarthy."

When Miss Owenson made her second pilgrimage to town, there was no more falling asleep in stable-yards, a solitary stranger. She was a lioness, and was hunted accordingly. Many years afterwards she wrote a full account of her "first London rout," given by the lively and eccentric Lady Cork,¹ to which every one had been invited "to meet the Wild Irish Girl."

Sydney vividly describes her nervous terrors as she ascended the marble staircase, with its gilt balustrade, at 7, New Burlington Street; and says that the first figure on which her eyes rested, after receiving Lady Cork's effusive welcome, was "a strikingly sullen-

looking, handsome creature, whose boyish person was distinguished by an air of singularity, vibrating between hauteur and shyness," who proved to be Byron, then, like herself, just stepping across the threshold of the Temple of Fame.

The "Wild Irish Girl" was presented to a crowd of celebrities, "too numerous to mention," her most amusing encounter occurring at supper, when a great actor made his tardy entrance:—

Mr. Kemble was evidently much preoccupied and a little exalted, and he appeared actuated by some intention which he had the will, but not the power, to execute. He was seated *vis-à-vis*, and had repeatedly stretched his arm across the table for the purpose, as I supposed, of helping himself to some boar's head. Alas! *my* head happened to be the object which fixed his attention, which, being a true Irish *cathah* head, dark, cropped, and curly, struck him as a particularly well-organized Brutus, and better than any in his *répertoire* of theatrical perukes. Succeeding at last in his purpose, he actually stuck his claws in my locks, and, addressing me in the deepest sepulchral tones, asked, "Little girl, where did you buy your wig?"²

The Duchess of Gordon also took the "Wild Irish Girl" under her wing, and invited her to a dance, with an injunction to be early in order that her hostess might inspect, and if necessary improve, her toilette. The rooms were still in confusion when Sydney arrived, and she had just drawn near the only fire she could find in the suite, when a loud hammering caused her to look back:—

There, mounted on a step-ladder behind me, stood a bulky elderly lady in a dimity wrapper and a round-eared cap, knocking up a garland of laurel over the picture of some hero of that day. Taking the elderly lady for a housekeeper, I asked her if the duchess was still in her dressing-room? "No, child," said she, "the duchess is here, *telle que vous la voyez*, doing that which she can get none of her awkward squad to do for her," and down sprang the active lady of seventy, with a deep inspiration of fatigue, ejaculating, "Gude God,

¹ Dr. Johnson's "dear little dunce," and Fanny Burney's "honorable and charming Miss Monckton."

² The Book of the Boudoir, by Lady Morgan. Henry Colburn, 1829. Vol. i., pp. 109-10.

but this pleasure is a toilsome thing!" So she bustled off, and in less time than could be imagined reappeared in the brightest spirits, and the brightest diamonds, and I had almost said the brightest looks that illumined her brilliant circle. . . . I spent the evening seated on a second flight of stairs between Lady Caroline Lamb and Monk Lewis. The beautiful Lady Oxford sat a few steps above us, the Aspasia of the Pericles who lay at her feet, wooing in Greek in spite of Johnson's denunciation against learning in love; while Payne Knight looked on with "eyes malign, askance." . . . At two in the morning Lady Caroline proposed that we should go and sup at Melbourne House, and return to waltz when her Grace's rooms should be thin. And so we did.¹

From that time almost to the day of her death there were few places where the literary or fashionable leaders of society congregated, at home or abroad, in which she was not prominent. "She went everywhere, and knew every one," say her biographers. "She had the gift of making friends, and the still more valuable gift of retaining them."²

Lovers, as we have seen, were more ephemeral things; the one for whom Sydney Owenson cared most, and who cared most for her, before she met Sir Charles Morgan, was Sir Charles Montague Ormsby, king's counsel and M.P., "the ugliest and most accomplished gentleman in Ireland." He was overwhelmed with debt, from which he vainly strove to extricate himself, and she was surrounded by adorers, who made him bitterly jealous. But it was long before Sydney could be persuaded to dismiss him finally, and her letters and a ring she gave him were only restored to her on his death.

While Sydney was working out her destiny as a successful author, that of Olivia was decided in a different manner. Like her sister, she had early been compelled to leave the precarious shelter of her father's roof and become a governess. But her delicate health,

sensitive nature, and remarkable beauty unfitted her for a struggling life. In her first situation she became acquainted with Dr. (afterwards Sir Arthur) Clarke.

One of the curiosities and celebrities of Dublin. A dwarf in height, a buck in dress, a wit, a musician, a verse-maker, a man of science, a lion, and a lion-hunter. Such was the tiny, seductive, and most respectable gentleman who proposed to the charming governess of General Brownrigg's children. . . . He possessed the means of raising his wife above all the harassing anxieties of which she had seen so much, and offered a home for her father and for their faithful old servant Molly.

The marriage, which took place in 1808, was a very happy one. The bridegroom urged his brilliant sister-in-law to take up her abode with them, but she preferred an independent life in her lodgings, until another proposal was made to her, which, after some hesitation, she accepted.

Lord and Lady Abercorn had read "The Novice of St. Dominic" and the "Wild Irish Girl;" they were aware of the young author's accomplishments in music, dancing, and table-talk; they had seen "Glorvina" herself, and fallen under the spell she exercised over all new acquaintances; and "they thought they would like to take the young woman of genius to live with them, and amuse them in their own house."

This house, Stanmore Priory, Sydney herself described as "a little town," where over a hundred and twenty people slept at the Christmas gathering. The hostess was a typical fine lady of the period, good-natured, *inconséquent*, and capricious. The host, an equally fine gentleman:—

The groom of the chambers had orders to fumigate the rooms he occupied after liveried servants had been in them; the chambermaids were not allowed to touch his bed except in white kid gloves. He never sat down to table without his blue ribbon with the star and garter. He was extremely handsome, noble and courtly in his manner, a *roué*, a Tory, fastidious, luxurious, refined in habits, fascinating in address; *blasé* on pleasure and prosperity, yet capable of being amused by wit and interested in a new face,

¹ The Book of the Boudoir, vol. i., pp. 149-53.

² Lady Morgan's Memoirs: Autobiography, Diaries, and Correspondence. (Allen, 1862.) Edited by Hepworth Dixon, who, however, in his preface, says, "Whatever escapes from the original author belongs of right to Miss Jewsbury."

The letters from Lord and Lady Abercorn to their "dear little Glo." show warm and genuine affection, in spite of the fastidiousness of the one and the whims of the other. But it is hinted that her position in their household had many drawbacks, not the least of which must have been the difficulty of standing equally well with a husband and wife who were on terms of "excessive politeness" with each other. Certainly there were compensations also. At Baron's Court and Stanmore Priory all the most distinguished men and women of the day assembled, and all took a cordial interest in the gay Irish girl, whose Irish tongue could be as beguiling in flattery as it was sharp in sarcasm and ready in retort. Between Lord Castlereagh¹ and Sydney Owenson there was the strong bond of a passion for music. Whole mornings they would spend together playing and singing through Italian operas, until some more impatient spirits among the guests, generally led by Lady Castlereagh, would break in on their harmony with a pandemonium of sound produced by tongs, poker, shovel, and any other instruments of torture on which they could lay hands. Lord Hartington waltzed with Sydney until she split her white satin shoes, and seeing her dismay at the catastrophe, and being then on his way to Paris, ransacked that capital for the prettiest and most costly pair that could be had to replace them. At this time, too, she sat to Sir Thomas Lawrence for the portrait which forms the frontispiece to her memoirs, and combines a grace and elegance which it may partly owe to the artist, with a look of laughing malice in the half-closed eyes, and a mocking sweetness in the smile that were certainly the sitter's own. Of this portrait, the original wrote in later years when exasperated by the unflattering comments of an American visitor on her personal appearance:—

¹ Lord Castlereagh's friendship is said to have been of use to Sydney when she wanted to dispose of her next novel, "The Missionary." He drove her to town in his "chariot," made an appointment with her publisher to meet her in his own study, and stood by while the bargain was made.

I appeal! I appeal from this *Caravaggio* of Boston to the Titian of his age and country. I appeal to you, Sir Thomas Lawrence! Would *you* have painted a short, squat, broad-faced, inexpressive, Frenchified, Greenland-seal-like lady of any age? Would any money have tempted you so to profane your immortal pencil? and yet you did paint this Lapland Venus. What is more, you painted her of her own free will and choice, gratuitously, and that too when rival duchesses were contending for the honor of reaching posterity, through your agency, with the beauties of Vandyke and Lely. Well, I appeal from the portrait drawn by the Yankee to yours, *et je m'en trouverai bien*. Gladly do I sweeten my imagination by the recollection of those times of youth and gaiety and splendor, in which, associated under the same roof [Lord Abercorn's seat] I sat for and you sketched that picture. I remember a Minister of State cracking jokes on one side of the table at which you were drawing; a royal princess, [Caroline, Princess of Wales] suggesting hints on the other; the Roscius of the age [Kemble] stalking up and down the room with the stride of Macbeth and the look of Coriolanus, and half the beauties of future galleries fluttering round the exclusive patent-giver of pictorial immortality.²

But of all the new acquaintances formed during her residence with Lady Abercorn, the most important was Charles Morgan, who arrived at Baron's Court, as family physician, during one of Sydney's brief absences; and was so much alarmed by all he heard of her cleverness, that when the groom of the chambers announced "Miss Owenson," he sprang from his seat by Lady Abercorn, and jumped through the window into the garden below. This was quite enough to make the one lady declare that he must be conquered, and the other that she would conquer him. The result was probably more serious than either of them at the outset contemplated. Within three months of Dr. Morgan's precipitate retreat from Sydney's presence he vowed that he could not, and would not, live without her.

Barring his wild, unbounded love for me [Sydney wrote to her friend Mrs. Lefanu] the creature is perfection. The most manly,

² Book of the Boudoir, by Lady Morgan.

I had almost said daring tone of mind, united to more goodness of heart and disposition than I ever met with in a human being! Even in this circle, where all is acquirement and accomplishment, it is confessed that his versatility of talent is unrivalled. There is scarcely any art or science he has not cultivated with success. He has so improved me in Italian and singing you cannot imagine. He is reckoned a handsome man . . . is just thirty, has a moderate property independent of his profession, is a member and fellow of twenty colleges and societies, and is a Cambridge man.¹

Lord and Lady Abercorn powerfully seconded the impatient suitor. Before Sydney wrote to ask her father's consent, the ring and license were in the house and the settlements made; but she "battled off from day to day," and got permission to go to Dublin to bid adieu to Mr. Owenson and Lady Clarke, promising to return at the end of a fortnight. Far from keeping her word, she plunged at once into all the delights of a Dublin season, regardless of the protests and entreaties of her jealous and disappointed lover. In after years she confessed that she then behaved exceedingly ill, and "deserved to have lost the best husband that ever woman had." But at the time there is no doubt she thoroughly and mischievously enjoyed the torments she inflicted. No young St. Preux ever wrote letters more passionately tender than this experienced physician — a man of science and a widower.² But, woman-like, his idol paid him scant attention until he began to get angry, and hinted that her coquetries and delays might end in a second broken engagement. Then she replied humbly, but not very flatteringly: "Yes, Morgan, I will be yours,

I hope, I trust; God give me strength to go through with it!" And when he sent her a long disquisition on "The influence of mental cultivation on happiness," without any reference to their own affairs, she was completely vanquished, and wrote: "Give me, my dear philosopher, ten thousand more such letters, that I may have ten thousand more excuses for loving you still better than I do. I glory in my own inferiority, when you give that exalted mind of yours fair play. I triumph in my conscious littleness. I say — *and this creature loves me!*"

Sydney returned to Baron's Court in December, 1811, feeling and looking like a naughty runaway child recaptured. The marquis and marchioness were stiff in their welcome, and made her feel that she had not "been good," and Sir Charles's delight only half reconciled her to her fate. She would, she afterwards said, have given anything to be able to escape. Probably Lady Abercorn suspected her state of mind, for one cold January morning, as she was cowering over the library fire in her morning gown, the marchioness opened the door and said, "Glorvina, come up-stairs directly and be married. There must be no more trifling!"

Taking Sydney's arm, Lady Abercorn led her to her own dressing-room, where a table was arranged for the ceremony, and the bridegroom, accompanied by the chaplain in full canonicals, awaited her. "The ceremony proceeded, and the Wild Irish Girl was married past redemption!" The event had at last taken her by surprise. None of the many visitors in the house knew of it; nor was it announced until, some days afterwards, Lord Abercorn at dinner drank to "the health of Sir Charles³ and Lady Morgan."

"A strangely assorted pair they seemed to be, on a first glance," writes Chorley. "But the one suited the other admirably. He did something towards reducing the exuberance of her vanity, and directing her attention to courses of research. Her fame — for it

³ He had been knighted during his short engagement to Sydney Owenson.

¹ He was the staunch friend and supporter of Jenner in the days when the advocacy of vaccination brought little but calumny and opposition, and seems by all accounts to have been a sort of medical Admirable Crichton.

² He had given her some trifling commissions to execute for him, and in reply to her inquiries about them, writes: "There is but one commission as to which I am anxious, and that is, to love me as I do you EXCLUSIVELY. To prefer me to every other good; to think of me, speak of me, write to me, and look forward to our union as the completion of every wish. For so do I by you."

amounted to fame—gave him access to circles of society which possibly he might never otherwise have entered.”

Sir Charles [writes Miss Jewsbury] was a man of sweet and noble nature, generous, high-minded, with a vehement temper, excessively jealous of his wife's affection, but not in the least jealous of her genius and success. Lady Morgan held him in unbounded respect, and was rather afraid of him. Their opposite qualities, controlled by mutual good sense, produced the most agreeable effect. He kept her steady, and she kept him from stagnating into indolent repose.¹

A heavy cloud was cast over Lady Morgan's first year of marriage by the death of her father, at the house of his son-in-law, Sir Arthur Clarke, to whom she wrote :—

The tie which existed between us was not the common tie of father and child. He was the object for which I labored and wrote and lived, and nothing can fill up the place he held in my heart. My dear husband supports, comforts, and devotes himself to me, but he could not know how endearing poor papa was, or how much out of the ordinary run of fathers.

Soon after this event the Morgans withdrew from the Marquis of Abercorn's household, and settled in Kildare Street, Dublin, where Sir Charles established a good practice, and they both busied themselves with literature. “O'Donnel,” the first novel published by Lady Morgan after her marriage, was an immense advance on its high-flown predecessors, and like “Florence Macarthy,” deserves to be remembered for its vivacious sketches of contemporary society and its sympathetic portraits of the peasantry. Erin, with the “tear and the smile in her eye,” was never more truthfully painted; and Lady Morgan's patriotism was by no means blind.

In all Dublin gaieties Lady Morgan was of course conspicuous. At the vice-regal drawing-rooms, held by the Marquis and Marchioness of Wellesley, one who knew her writes :—

¹ After marriage Lady Morgan made her husband the characteristic present of a collection of letters from her old “flames,” endorsed “Youth, Love, and Folly.”

Every woman present wore feathers and trains, but Lady Morgan scorned both appendages. Hardly more than four feet high, with a slightly curved spine and uneven shoulders and eyes, which, however, were large and brilliantly blue, she glided about in a close-cropped wig bound by a solid fillet of gold, her face all animation, and with a witty word for everybody.

In the dress-circle at the theatre, where she was cheered enthusiastically, the same observer notes : “A red Celtic cloak, fastened by a gold Irish Tara brooch, gave her little ladyship a gorgeous and withal a picturesque appearance.”²

“Of her toilette,” says Chorley, “which was largely, during her whole life, made by her own hands, she was comically and without concealment vain. I remember to have heard her describe a party at a ‘Mrs. Leo Hunter’s’ (who received all manner of celebrities at what she called her *morning soirées*, without the slightest power of appreciating anything *but* the celebrity). ‘There,’ she said, ‘was Miss Jane Porter, looking like a shabby canoness. There was Mrs. Somerville, in an astronomical cap. I dashed in, in my blue satin and point lace, and showed them how an authoress ought to dress.’ ”³

This must have been the occasion, on one of her visits to London, described more in detail by Lady Morgan herself :—

At Lady Stepney's I met poor dear Jane Porter, who told me she was “taken for me” a few nights before, and talked to as such by a party of Americans. She is tall, lank, lean, and lackadaisical, dressed in the deepest black, with a battered black gauze hat, and the air of a regular Melpomene. I am the reverse of all this, and, *sans vanité*, the best dressed woman wherever I go. Last night I wore a blue satin, trimmed fully with magnificent point lace and stomacher à la *Seigné*, light blue velvet hat and feather, with an aigrette of diamonds and sapphires. *Voilà!* Lord Jeffrey came up to me and we had such a flirta-

² Lady Morgan, by W. J. Fitzpatrick. Skeet, 1890, p. 245.

³ Henry Fothergill Chorley: *Autobiography, Memoir, and Letters*. Bentley & Son, 1873. Vol. I., p. 238.

tion ! When he comes to Ireland we are to go to Donnybrook Fair together. Having cut me down with his tomahawk as a reviewer, he smothers me with roses as a man.

When Lady Morgan's "France" was in contemplation in 1815, she and Sir Charles visited Paris, taking letters of introduction which opened to them both Royalist and Napoleonic circles. Many of their new acquaintances — amongst them Cuvier, Denon, Madame Paterson-Bonaparte, Lafayette, and the Comte de Segur — remained their friends for life. The book which was the result of this expedition was received with a frenzy of admiration, and an equal frenzy of abuse, the scars left by which the author felt to her latest day. "Her notoriety," says her biographer, "was beyond what any other woman has ever had to endure who kept her good fame. That this notoriety had a scathing and deteriorating influence cannot be denied. But in the heat of so much party scandal no aspersion was ever cast upon her personal character." The position seems rather incomprehensible now. But those were not days when "wild women" went about talking and writing on every subject under the sun, often with a brutal candor which puts the inferior sex to the blush.

In 1818 Colburn offered Sir Charles and Lady Morgan £2,000 to write in conjunction a work on Italy. The offer was accepted, and going to town to complete their arrangements they found the publisher reading the proofs of "Florence Macarthy," which he had purchased (with a scientific work by Sir Charles thrown in) for £1,200. He was so charmed with the novel that he "rushed out and bought a beautiful *parure* of amethysts" for the lucky author. The sojourn in London was made as gay as possible by crowds of friends, the oddest and most amusing of whom were Lady Caroline Lamb and Lady Cork. The Morgans lodged in Conduit Street. "Lady Cork's most curious and beautiful house is in the next street, and every morning I am sure to have a note from M. Cork and

Orrery¹ brought by an elfin page. She takes us about everywhere, and makes parties for us of all sorts of colors. I must explain. She said to me one day : "My dear, I have pink for the excusives, blue for the literary, grey for the religious — for I have them all in their turns ; then I have one party of all sorts, and I have no color for it." "Oh," said I, "call it dunducketty mud-color." She laughed and adopted it."²

At a concert given by Lady Charleville : —

Morgan entered the room with Mrs. Opie on one arm and me on the other. Conceive the formidable sight ! Sir George Smart presided at the piano. Crivelli (an heroic singer in the *grand sérieux*) was divine, and Ambrogetti sang all Leperello's songs with exquisite humor. A young lady of fashion played the harp with one hand and the piano with the other. [We are still barbarous in some things, but we have got beyond this.] Sir G. Smart and ourselves exchanged looks of disgust. The person that interested me most was Lady Sarah Bunbury³ [Horace Walpole's adoration] the king's first passion, and once the most beautiful woman in England. Imagine a dignified though infirm old lady, stone blind, led in ! Mrs. Fitzherbert sat next me ; I never saw such lovely blue eyes. She still appeared to me what I thought her when I was a little child and saw her picture — fat, fair, and forty.

Arriving in France, the Morgans proceeded to visit General Lafayette at La Grange. An odd incident occurred *en route*.

At Grandeville the general's carriage met us. Whilst our trunks were being changed we joined a group standing *bouche bée* opposite the *auberge*. Their curiosity was directed to an open window before which every now and then a most fantastic object presented itself. I asked a "nice young

¹ She once wrote to an upholsterer in the city for something that had caught her fancy *en passant*, and received this reply : "D. B. not having any dealings with M. Cork and Orrery, begs to have a more explicit order, finding that the house is not known in the trade."

² Passages from my Autobiography, by Sydney, Lady Morgan. London, Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, 1859, p. 29.

³ "Bunbury," must have been a slip of the pen, as at this time she was married to General Napier, and the mother of heroes.

man" standing near us what it meant. He said, "*Oh, c'est Miladi Morgan, qui a si bien parlé de nos autres industriels dans son petit livre sur 'la France.' Elle attend la voiture du Général Lafayette.*" At that moment the "*Lady Morgan*" came to the window. It is impossible to describe anything so grotesque. A head powdered and *crêpé*, two feet high; several *couches* of rouge on her cheek, and more than one on her chin, black patches à discrétion; a dress of damask silk with scarlet flowers. She had on what was called a *mantille de vieille dame*; she was apparently any age over seventy. She was fanning herself, and appeared highly flattered by the homage paid to her charms — she could suspect no other source. In a few minutes she came out and entered one of those curious little vehicles called a *désobligeante*, such as one still meets with in the *chemins de travers* in France. It was driven by a little dumpty coachman in a livery as old and rusty as if he had served in the Fronde; it was a scene from Molière realized. She smiled and bowed graciously as she passed the crowd. Hitherto Morgan had kept me quiet, but my vanity at last broke bounds. My charming *chapeau de paille* with its poppy flowers, my French cashmere and my coquetry, which, young or old, will go with me to my grave, could stand it no longer. As I was stepping into the La Grange carriage I turned to the "nice young man" who handed me in, and said, "*Je suis, moi, la véritable Lady Morgan.*" He said he guessed as much, and announced to the *bons gens* who I was, and we drove off amid *riots* and laughter.

Lady Morgan gives a very ample account of this second visit to Paris in her "Diary" (sometimes called "The Odd Volume"),¹ which is full of good stories and vivid descriptions. She tells how Benjamin Constant, faithless to his sometime idol, mimicked Albertine de Staël (Duchesse de Broglie), presenting her mother with a branch of laurel — with which she was always provided — when she saw "inspiration coming strong upon her." And how he declared that "Corinne" had vainly smiled on the brilliant Comte de Rivarol, who, meeting her one night at a *bal masqué*, turned abruptly away.

"*De quelle déesse voulez-vous échapper donc?*" asked the friend who accompanied him — "and how do you know the mask?" "*Par le pied de Staël,*" replied the cruel comte.

She records Denon's picturesque sketches of the chief actors in the Congress of Vienna (1814), where he said Madame Krudener was the ruling spirit — the greatest actress he ever saw, too melodramatic for a Clairon or a Mars, but quite good enough for an audience of kings and emperors. How she wore white cashmere gathered into a silver girdle, her golden tresses flowing over an alabaster neck. How she had

the air of having been flung on a crimson velvet sofa piled with cushions. [Two or three crowned heads were always in attendance]; Alexander on one side, dressed for effect in black and diamonds, the King of Prussia, remarkable by contrast, on the other. . . . In the midst of a solemn silence she rose, and extending her arms, exclaimed, in a strange and penetrating voice, "*Prions!*" and down on his knees went the Emperor of all the Russias, followed by everybody present — kings, aides-de-camp, and valets.

During this description Humboldt was announced; "he is like the elephant," says Lady Morgan, "who can with equal ease tear down an oak or pick up a pin. With me he always picks up the pin."

One of the oddest compliments paid to Lady Morgan while in Paris this time was making her a Freemason; there being then a Loge Ecossaise, Belle et Bonne, of which Madame de Villette was grande maîtresse. The installation was a dazzling ceremony. The grande maîtresse in white satin and diamonds, wearing Voltaire's portrait as an order, received the neophytes. Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, the Archimandrite of Jerusalem, Talma, and many other notabilities were present. Draperies of crimson and gold, heaps of flowers, clouds of incense, and the wild music of Boucher combined to make the scene impressive.

We took the vows, but as to the *secret*, it shall never pass these lips in holy silence sealed. That so many women, young,

¹ Diary of Lady Morgan. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, 1859

beautiful, and worldly, should never have revealed it is among the miracles the much distrusted sex is capable of working. . . . The *loge* lasted two hours. During the whole time my eyes were fixed on the Archimandrite of Jerusalem, and Talma, who had the same expression he wore in *Néron* when bothered by Agrippa's lectures — stern ennui personified. The archbishop tried to look pious, but as it was the piety of the Greek Church I did not understand it.

Among Lady Morgan's kindest and wisest correspondents was Lady Charleville, one of the few good women who had a good word to say for George IV. He had been kind to her child when ill at Brighton, and although she had refused all former invitations to the Pavilion ("for those things I delight not in"), she went thither in her wheeled chair to thank him.

Believe me [she writes] the Regent has a heart; and I am only surprised that, surrounded as an heir apparent is, every mouth and every eye taught to express assent, and the truth never suffered near him — I say I am only surprised that he is human. . . . It gave me pleasure to find "Florence MacCarthy" on his table, and to hear him say, when I took it up, "I hope you like the Eagle and O'Leary. I never read anything more delightful or more pathetic than Cumhal's catastrophe. Croker may rail on, he'll do her no harm! D—— blackguard, to abuse a woman, isn't it? Couldn't he let her 'France' alone, if it be all lies, and read her novels, and thank her, *by Jasus!* for being a good Irishwoman?"¹

In Italy the Morgans had the same social success as in France. In an old Florentine palace, while talking to Tom Moore — always a favorite of hers² — and gazing on "the cloud-capped Apen-

nines which seemed to be walking in at the window," Lady Morgan received a distinguished visitor. "I had just time," she says, "to whisper to Moore" [it was rather an Irish whisper] — "'The widow of the Pretender — your legitimate queen — and the lover of your brother poet Alfieri,' when the Comtesse d'Albany entered. She could be the most agreeable woman in the world; and throughout this flattering visit she was so. She could also be the most disagreeable. For, like most great ladies, her temper was uncertain, and her natural hauteur, when not subdued by her brilliant bursts of good-humor, was occasionally revolting. Still, she loved fun, and no sally of wit or humor could offend her."

Lady Morgan was disappointed in the beauty of Pauline, Princess Borghese, with whom she became intimate in Rome, and who told her that it was "noble of her not to fall heavy on the unfortunate" in her "France"³. But she was much impressed by Madame Mère.

I never saw so fine an old lady — still quite handsome. She was dressed in rich crimson velvet trimmed with sable, with a point lace ruff and headdress. The pictures of her sons hung round the room, all in royal robes, and her daughters and grandchildren, and at the head of them all, *old Mr. Bonaparte!* Every time she mentioned Napoleon the tears came into her eyes. She is full of sense, feeling, and spirit.

Pasta was one of the new acquaintances in whom Lady Morgan most delighted. Her patriotism (which had nearly cost her imprisonment), her strong family affection, and her naiveté, were all after the "wild Irishwoman's" own heart. "I was *une petite demoiselle*," she explained, "singing and playing in an amateur company in Milan. Pasta and I played together, fell in love, and married." Paer sent

¹ Of his personal appearance we get an odd glimpse in a letter from Hamilton Rowan to Sir Charles Morgan. "I have seen many caricatures which are strong likenesses of the originals, but until I saw George IV. I never met a person who in features, contour, and general mien outdid their caricature. Hone's likeness in the 'House that Jack Built' is a flattery."

² She once improvised a dinner-party for him in Dublin in a very droll way. "I threw up my windows, and asked my friends as they drove by in their cabs and carriages, and sent out some penny porters, and lighted up my rooms. Moore was absolutely astounded when he saw my assemblage," she writes.

³ The princess praised her chamberlain to Lady Morgan, saying, "*C'est l'homme du monde le plus respectable. C'était le chancelier pour mon Duché, car mon frère ne m'a pas donné de Royaume.*" "Oh," adds Lady Morgan, "for the nonchalant air with which, in the intervals of two sips of chocolate, 'my brother did not give me a kingdom,' was uttered!"

for them to Paris. "I so wished to travel that I would have gone *même l'enfer*! I came out in London in *Télémaque*. I was so ashamed of showing my legs! Instead of minding my singing I was always hiding my legs! I failed." Lady Morgan spoke of her fame: "*Gloire passagère*," she replied; "it is here to-day, and gone to-morrow. Yours endures."

"I remember," said Lady Morgan, "being in your dressing-room one night when you had just come off the stage in your highest wrought scene. Your maid had a bit of roast beef ready to put in your mouth, and some porter." "*Ah, si*," was her reply, "*mais je ne prends plus la viande*, and, *pour le porter*, I take it half and half!" This bit of London slang from the lips of Medea, and in her sweet broken English, had the oddest effect imaginable.

Taglioni — "quiet, lady-like, and simple," told Lady Morgan that her two rules were "never to make any effort," but to give herself up to her extreme delight in dancing — and to "bathe her feet in arrowroot water."¹

Lady Morgan asked Paganini if he were not "the happiest man in the world — every day acquiring so much fame and so much money." He sighed, and said he should be but for one thing — "*i Ragazzi* — the little ragamuffins who ran after him in the streets." He then told her, "in an odd, simple, Italian, gossiping way," of his humble birth, his playing the guitar and singing in the church services at four years old, and composing a cantata and learning the violin at seven. Also of the patronage of the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, his luckless love-affair while in her household, and yet more luckless marriage. "While telling me all this he rolled his eyes in a most extraordinary way, really and truly demoniacal. Still, he seems to me to be a stupefied and almost idiotic creature."

Dining at the palace of the Archbishop of Taranto, the Morgans met some unexpected guests: —

¹ "What a blessing is self-approbation!" says Chorley. "In Lady Morgan's case I am satisfied it was sincere. She had no Statute of Limitations, and absolutely professed to have taught Taglioni to dance an Irish jig!"

Between the first and second courses the door opened, and several enormously large and beautiful cats were introduced by the names of Pantaleone, Desdemona, Otello, etc. They took their places on chairs near the table, and were as silent, as motionless, as well-behaved as London *bon ton* could require. On the bishop requesting one of the chaplains to assist the Signora Desdemona to something, the butler stepped up to his lordship, and observed, "Desdemona will prefer waiting for the roasts."

"Italy" proved almost as successful as "France," and received high commendation from Byron. For the "Life and Times of Salvator Rosa," her next great task, Lady Morgan received £500 from Colburn. But she exhibited an unreasonable — though by no means unusual — annoyance at the idea that her publisher as well as herself had profited by the book, and they had some financial quarrels over it. A more serious one was to follow.

Lady Morgan's second book on "France" is spoken of by her biographers as "the work in which her peculiar genius had the fairest play and the fullest development." There had been no understanding with Colburn about its publication, but "he considered that Lady Morgan was bound to him in literary matrimony, for better, for worse, and behaved with a cool security not suited to her character." Having written to him twice on the subject without eliciting an offer, Lady Morgan opened negotiations with Saunders and Otley, and let Mr. Colburn know what she had done. In reply he wrote to Sir Charles, saying that if she did not immediately return to her allegiance it would be "no less detrimental to her literary than to her pecuniary interest." And the way in which he carried out his threat was by an advertisement in all the current papers headed: —

"LADY MORGAN AT HALF-PRICE;"

stating that in consequence of the great losses he had sustained on her former works he had declined the present book on "France," and copies of all her previous works might be had at a great reduction! Saunders and Otley then wished to be released from their bar-

gain, as they were losers on every item, besides the sums paid and promised to the author. Finally, the whole matter came into court, and Mr. Colburn admitted that he had been "so enraged at losing Lady Morgan's work that he had done everything he could to injure her literary reputation and damage the sale of the book; that he regretted what he had done under the influence of wounded feeling, and that he took that opportunity of retracting what he had said in her disparagement." Lady Morgan herself declared that he behaved throughout "like an angry lover seeking a reconciliation with his mistress!"

Returning to Kildare Street, Lady Morgan took with her a new acquisition, of which she was inordinately proud:—

Neither she nor Sir Charles knew the difference between a good carriage and a bad one; a carriage was a carriage to them. It never was known where this vehicle was bought, except that she declared it came from "the first carriage builder in London." In shape it was a grasshopper, as well as in color. Very high and very springy, with enormous wheels, difficult to get in, and dangerous to get out. Sir Charles, who never in his life before had mounted a coach-box, was persuaded by his wife to "drive his own carriage." He was extremely short-sighted, and wore large green spectacles when out of doors. His coat was much trimmed with fur, and braided. Their tall Irish footman, in the brightest of red plush, sat beside him, his office being to jump off whenever anybody was knocked down or run over; for Sir Charles drove as it pleased God. The horse was mercifully a very quiet animal, and much too small for the carriage, or the mischief would have been more. Lady Morgan, in the large bonnet of the period, and a cloak lined with fur hanging over the back of the carriage, gave, as she conceived, the crowning grace to a neat and elegant turn-out. The only drawback to her satisfaction was the alarm caused by Sir Charles's driving, and she was incessantly springing up to adjure him to "Take care!" to which he would reply with warmth, after the manner of husbands.

Among other Irish recollections we find the origin of a famous *mot* of Lord Beaconsfield's— or, if not its origin, a

remarkable coincidence. After a dinner given by Lord Dungarvan, Lady Morgan enters in her diary:—

The second time in my life that I met the redoubtable Dan O'Connell.¹ Dan is not brilliant in private life, not even agreeable. He is mild, silent, unassuming, apparently absorbed, and an utter stranger to the give-and-take charm of good society. I said so to Lord Clanricarde, who replied, "If you knew how I found him this morning! His hall, the very steps of his door, crowded with his *clientèle*. He had a word or a written order for each, then hurried off to the Law Courts, thence to the Improvement Society, and was the first guest here to-day. Two hours before he was making that clever but violent speech to Mr. La Touche; and now no wonder that he looks like an *extinct volcano*."

It has been said that Lady Morgan regarded her husband with pride and affection. She exulted in the deference paid him by learned men at home and abroad; she watched him while she talked to serious people of weighty matters—"not unobservant of me, being always afraid of my getting out of my depth, which I generally do, though, like other light things, I somehow contrive to float."² She told him after one of her brilliant *soirées*, "You always say the best thing that is said; only, for

¹ Their first meeting was in 1826, at Dublin Castle. "Thirty years ago," she wrote then, "the roof would not have been deemed safe which afforded that 'first flower of the earth, first gem of the sea,' shelter. He wants back the days of Brian Boru, himself to be the king, with a crown of emerald shamrocks, a train of yellow velvet, and a mantle of Irish tabinet. A sceptre in one hand and a cross in the other, and the people crying, 'Long live King O'Connell!'" His actual costume was remarkable enough. "Some rain has fallen, and the fields are beginning to look almost as green as O'Connell, for he walks about in the full dress of a verdant Liberator; even to a green cravat, a green watch-ribbon, and a slashing shining green hat-band; and he has a confident hope that the tears of Ireland will prevent the colors from ever fading!"

² According to Chorley, Lady Morgan contrived to get out of her depth on subjects and occasions when one would have expected *esprit du corps* to keep her well within it. "I heard her ask, in all sincerity and simplicity, at a literary party, 'Who was Jeremy Taylor?' on some reference to that distinguished divine. I think she had some notion of the Taylors of Ongar! But more absurd still was her introduction to the stately, grave, and accomplished Mrs. Sarah Austin" [mother of Lady Duff Gordon] "when she complimented her sister

the battledore and shuttlecock of conversation you are perhaps too sententious in manner." "Perhaps," he replied, "*non ho avuto tempo d'esser breve*, as Casti says."

He had the best influence on her conduct in some weighty matters. In 1831 she writes :—

The cholera is approaching. I proposed to Morgan that we should retire from Dublin. He stopped me short by saying that his post was where there was most danger. His view of the case changed my whole feeling on the subject. He *must* stay, and therefore I *will* stay ; so last night we set about thinking what was wisest and best to be done for the poor prisoners of the Marshalsea. We think we have succeeded. He has gone to examine the state of the prison, and make his proposals to the Lord-Lieutenant.

A few years later, when Lord Melbourne gave Lady Morgan a pension of £300 a year—very acceptable in consequence of her failing sight and Sir Charles's uncompensated loss of a government appointment which was abolished—Dublin was quitted, and finally, for London. It has been oddly asserted that Catholic emancipation, in which she and her husband took the keenest interest, "vulgarized Dublin society and banished Lady Morgan." However that may have been, she settled in 11, William Street, Hyde Park. Of course, "everybody who was anybody" was soon on her visiting list ; but it seems curious, remembering her warm and lifelong friendship for Madame Paterson-Bonaparte, that Jerome, ex-king of Westphalia, should have figured there. Her letters and diaries are thickly sprinkled with sketches of celebrities : Mrs. Bulwer Lytton, "handsome, insolent, and unamiable," who, she says, "like all the half-*esprits*, looked daggers" at her ; Disraeli, "that egregious coxcomb, outraging the privilege a young man has of being absurd." The Duchess of St. Albans, "a coarse, full-blown, dark-complex-

ioned woman, dressed," to receive a morning call, "in rich white silk trimmed with white lace, a quantity of gold chains, bracelets, etc. Her black ringlets were surmounted by a black lace veil, which fell on one side. Last time I saw her was as Miss Mellon, in 'The Honeymoon,' when I came over to sell my 'Wild Irish Girl.' She was then a model of beauty, symmetry, and grace."

About this time Lady Morgan became acquainted with her clever countrywoman, Mrs. S. C. Hall, who speaks of "the humor that dimpled round her mouth and sparkled in her eyes ;" and adds : "The natural intonations of her voice in conversation were so pleasing as to render her nothings pleasant, and, whatever affectation hovered about her large green fan, or was seen in the way she had of folding her draperies round her and looking out of them with true Irish *espièglerie*, the tones of that voice were to the last full of feeling."¹

During years which have necessarily been lightly passed over, Lady Morgan was busy with many books, not always, chiefly owing to her quarrel with Colburn, successful. "The Princess ; or, The Béguine," for which she went to Belgium to study her scenery, and in which she used much material collected for a life of Rubens, was published by Mr. Bentley—Colburn's successor—and was more fortunate.

Lady Morgan's niece, Sydney, having become Mrs. Laurence, was also living in London, and gave her aunt an interesting account of the burning of the Royal Exchange :—

It was splendidly awful to see the beautiful dome all in a blaze, and falling piece by piece into the flames below, the bells chiming their last in the midst of the fire. Strange to say, the last tune they chimed, at twelve o'clock, was "There is na luck about the house." It quite affected me to hear it, and had a *choking* effect upon us all, for the bells literally dropped one by one as they were playing the tune.

In 1843 Lady Morgan records the death of another niece. "My dear,

authoress on having written 'Pride and Prejudice.'"

Was this "in all sincerity and simplicity," or a little sly fun ?

¹ Book of Memories, Virtue, 1871 ; p. 222.

dear Olivia, my *hereafter* in this world ; gentle, spiritual, intellectual, unselfish beyond all comparison." Sir Charles, seeing her overwhelming grief, said, "Oh, Sydney, if you grieve thus for a niece whom you seldom see, what is to become of you if I go ?" The question startled her into self-control, and, to distract her thoughts, Sir Charles drove her to Richmond, where they walked quietly in the park, and she returned to town "in better spirits, with Morgan beside me."

This was their last expedition together. A short time afterwards Sir Charles had an attack of heart-disease, and sank under it before any one even anticipated danger. The next entry in her diary, long after her loss, is touching.

Oh, my husband ! I cannot endure this. I was quite unprepared for this. So ends my life. The winter fire kindles for me alone now. The chair, the lamp, the books, the paper-cutter, all these are here this November — gloomy, wretched November. How I used to long for social, home-girt November ! Now I spend it in wandering through this deserted house. [Then, in the following spring] : Time applied to grief is a worldly commonplace. Time has its due influence over visible grief ; it softens sighs and dries tears, but *le fond* remains the same. Time gives you back the exercise of your faculties and your habits, but the loss of that which was part of yourself remains forever.

Sorrows were heaped upon her. In the following year her sister, Lady Clarke, died — through life her dearest and most faithful friend, her closest confidante ; a woman whose wit was as sparkling as her heart was warm and her temper sweet : —

All my old friends and new acquaintances have been to my door to offer sympathy, but I am beyond the reach of solace now . . . Books, pictures, flowers, everything has the touch of death on it ! And that park so near me — of which my beloved Morgan used to say, "It is ours more than the queen's ; we use it daily and enjoy it nightly" — that I worked so hard to get an entrance into [the Albert Gate] seems to me covered with black crape.

The veil was lifted a little in the

years which intervened between these bitter griefs and her own death, although, as she said, "the *meaning* of life was gone." Chorley, who had been severe on her early follies, says : "She accepted what was becoming to advanced years with a grace almost amounting to dignity, hardly to have been expected from one who had so long defied time, and who found herself alone in the world." She mixed again in society, and enjoyed a controversy with Cardinal Wiseman as to the authenticity of the chair of St. Peter in the Vatican, which she asserted had been found to bear the startling inscription, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is His Prophet," having probably been part of the spoil of the Crusaders ; and she was fascinated by "the fairy-like beauty of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park" — the Great Exhibition of 1851.

Naturally the later pages of her diary are mainly obituary. She sees Rogers in his last days — "the ghost of his former ghost" — and hears that Moore is bedridden, and has lost his memory ; remembers nothing but some of his own early songs, which he sings as he lies. Eliot Warburton, whose happy marriage had, Lady Morgan believed, been "made" on her little balcony in William Street, is lost in the burning of the Amazon ; Charles Kemble — "the last of the dynasty — beautiful, graceful, gallant," is called away. At last the summons comes for the chronicler herself.

Christmas day, 1858, was her last birthday. She assembled a few of her remaining friends at dinner, and "did the honors with all the *verve* and brilliance of her brightest days." She told stories and sang songs, and none present could realize how many birthdays had preceded the one they were celebrating. She began the following year with energetic work on her "Odd Volume," and an appearance of enthusiasm and hope which were the last flicker of the lamp. On St. Patrick's day she gave a musical *matinée* ; but a week afterwards caught a cold, which became serious ; and expired on April 16th in

the arms of her beloved niece and namesake. She was buried in Brompton Cemetery.

And so passed away "one of the most peculiar and original literary characters of the century, composed of natural genius, acquired accomplishments, audacity that flew at the highest game, extreme liberality of opinions, extremely narrow literary sympathies . . . a compound of the most startling contradictions, impossible to be overlooked or forgotten ;" and also a woman whose native kindness of heart, increasing with age, led her to caution a younger friend, who spoke of some one she "hated : " *Ah ! ma chère, ne vous chargez pas des haines*—it is only the young who are severe."

From The Argosy.

TRAVELLING WITH HALF A MILLION.

I.

IN the vaults of the Rothschild banking-house at Frankfort-on-the-Main there sat a young man about thirty years of age, before a large open travelling trunk, which differed from others of the same kind only in being lined with zinc, and having two extremely complicated locks. He held in his hand a paper covered with figures, and beside him were two clerks, one quite an old man, who together packed the trunk with slender rouleaux of shining gold.

"Six thousand florins more make one hundred thousand," said the old man.

"That is right, Keblar," answered he who was seated, looking at his list.

Other kinds of coin came in their order ; packet after packet was laid in the trunk, until it was nearly full.

"This will be very heavy," said Keblar, after counting and packing for some time.

"It will indeed," replied the young man, who was named Fernald ; "but ten thousand foreign pistoles must still go in."

Keblar continued his work in silence. When it was finished, he raised one end of the trunk, to test the weight.

"Can it go ?" asked Fernald anxiously.

"Yes, I suppose so ; but if comments are made about it, you had better say that you are carrying specimens of hardware."

"That is a capital idea. Now give me the key."

Keblar took out of his pocket a steel ring, from which hung keys of all sizes and shapes, and selecting one, handed it to Fernald, who, after locking the trunk, pocketed it carefully with his list.

"I must now receive the baron's final orders, and take my leave of him," said Fernald. "Send the trunk to my lodgings, Keblar, and with it the letters I am to take to Vienna."

"I will attend to it, sir," said the old man.

All three then left the strong, heavily fastened room, and Keblar closed the iron door securely after him.

Fernald was from an old burgher family of Frankfort ; he was an *employé* in the great Rothschild banking business, and had a department which proved that the head of the establishment placed implicit confidence in his integrity. The baron now entrusted him with a commission to his brother in Vienna, where he was to take the immense sum of nearly half a million of money.

He went directly from the vault to Baron Rothschild's counting-room, where his final instructions were given him. As the great man dismissed him, he inquired : "Do you take a servant with you ?"

"Yes, baron ; my old Conrad."

"Is he an old man ?"

"Old, but trusty."

"Well, you know him better than I ; but, my dear fellow, trust no one farther than you can see him, for we have so many people in the business, that this journey is no secret ; if there should be a traitor among us, *our* gold and *your* throat run a great risk. Here," he added, "is a document from the Austrian Embassy to the head of the police department, so that in case of need a force can be immediately

placed under your direction. Now, farewell, my young friend, and may God protect you !”

“Have no anxiety, baron ; I shall doubtless be unmolested. As soon as I reach Vienna, I will announce the fact to you,” said Fernald, taking his credentials.

“Do so ; and once more, farewell.”

Fernald intended to start the following morning at five o'clock, and to travel in the baron's *calèche* with post-horses ; for at the date of our narrative railroads were unknown in the country. It was in the year 1833, shortly after the so-called “Frankfort riot” — that bold outbreak of rash students upon the city police, which led to so many stringent and annoying rules and regulations.

After Fernald had completed his preparations for the morrow, finding he had the evening before him, he resolved to spend it with a small *réunion* which he knew would be assembled at the house of the secretary of legation.

Fernald had made the acquaintance of this gentleman by transacting business with him at the bank, and having once accepted an invitation to his house, he frequently directed his steps to its hospitable threshold ; for he found there a powerful magnet, and was now a regular guest on the evenings when Mr. von Fridburg received his friends.

This being one of these occasions, Fernald soon found himself in the midst of a gay and fashionable company. After paying his respects to the lady of the house, and chatting familiarly with one or two acquaintances, he turned towards a lady, the centre of a group of gentlemen, who all paid marked attention to her brilliant and animated conversation. She was about six-and-twenty years old, had large, sparkling black eyes, great profusion of dark hair, clear, pale complexion, and an exquisitely shaped head ; and although the first bloom of youth was passed, this young widow was so cultivated, piquant, and witty, that she was always surrounded by admirers. She had lately come to Frankfort, having always lived upon the Lower Rhine,

but being quite independent since the death of her husband, had taken up her abode in what she declared to be her favorite city. She had become acquainted with Madame von Fridburg by occupying the next box at the opera for a whole season, and had been received, through her, into a few families. The ladies considered her too coquettish, but the gentlemen seemed to think she had no faults, and Fernald was especially attentive.

“So you are going to Vienna,” she said, as Fernald took a vacant chair near her, and the other gentlemen, one by one, withdrew.

“Yes, Madame Bernard ; to-morrow very early,” answered the young man. “If I can do anything for you there, it will give me the greatest pleasure.”

“Oh, thank you ! I have not any commissions for Vienna ; indeed, I know no one in all the city. Do you remain long ?”

“I go on business that will only detain me a few days ; but even that is too long, for my heart will be here.”

Madame Bernard threw her head back with a very animated gesture, and half turning to him, said mockingly, —

“And do you expect me to believe that ? Any young man must be rejoiced to travel in this lovely spring weather, especially to so gay and fascinating a place as Vienna.”

“It grieves me that my assurance is met with such total unbelief,” said Fernald. “I feel inclined to quote the old German proverb : ‘Women will believe anything but the truth.’”

“Well, that is quite natural,” replied Madame von Bernard, laughing. “It is very hard to believe what is disagreeable, and truth almost always is so.”

“Are the feelings and emotions which your sex inspire in the hearts of men so disagreeable and incredible ?”

She blushed slightly, but shrugged her shoulders, and was about to make some saucy reply, when a servant approaching, said a few words in an undertone, and handed her a small folded paper.

“The young man is below, and

awaits an answer," Fernald heard him say.

Madame von Bernard changed color visibly; she tore open the note, read it hastily, and turning to the servant, said, —

"Tell him yes. All is right."

The servant withdrew. Fernald, who felt himself overpowered by jealousy at this little scene, whispered sarcastically, —

"So you have a secret correspondence?"

She nodded, smiling abstractedly, rose, and went into the ante-room, where she seemed to wish to be alone. In this, however, she was not gratified, for several young men approached, and tried to draw her into conversation. Fernald, who had followed at a little distance, could not but observe how shortly and laconically she answered them; it seemed almost as if her eye sought him; and lo! he was not mistaken — she bowed a somewhat haughty dismissal to the surrounding group, and went directly across to Fernald.

"Listen to me, Mr. Fernald," she said, drawing him aside. "You are going early to-morrow morning to Vienna — what would you say if I proposed your taking charge of a lady thither?"

"A lady? A friend of yours? I should be most happy —"

"Do not speak so loud, I beg. I do not allude to a friend, but to myself."

"You? Impossible!"

"I have this moment received some news which obliges me to go directly to Vienna."

"To Vienna? But you just said you knew no one —"

"I said so; but I have since learned that an aunt, my only relative, has been taken suddenly ill there, passing through on her way from Italy."

"I am truly sorry for the cause," said Fernald, "but I am thankful that I am to have such a delightful travelling companion; for nothing in the world would make me so happy as to have you accept a seat in my carriage."

"Then will you, like a true knight, protect me from all the dangers of the

way? Oh! one thing more. I have a servant whom I would like to take with me. On such a journey a maid is only a nuisance, but a man is always useful."

"A very good idea, and suits me exactly," cried Fernald. "Is he young, strong, and trusty?"

"He possesses all these qualities, and is an excellent servant."

"Then I will leave my own at home, as he will be quite unnecessary. So it is settled, we take your man."

"There is still a little difficulty," said Madame von Bernard thoughtfully; "his name is not on my passport, and he has none of his own, and as one cannot be procured this evening, I fear you will get into trouble. You see," she said, with her most gracious smile, "your travelling companion begins already to annoy you."

"On the contrary, I am happy to say I can serve you also in this difficulty," cried Fernald. "The baron has put me in possession of a paper that will be an 'open sesame' for all police regulations."

"I thank you from my heart," said Madame Bernard, with a beaming look. "Pray tell no one of my sudden flight; for I should have to answer a thousand questions, prompted by mere idle curiosity, and that is so tiresome. Good-night! At what time shall I be ready in the morning?"

"If five o'clock is not too early, I will call for you at that hour."

"Very well. Once more, good-night!"

She left him in such a state of joyful excitement, that he could only think of the pleasure he promised himself on the morrow, and never reflected for a minute upon the fact that a note brought by a young man caused her strange uneasiness, even before opening it. As the company now had no longer attractions for him, he departed unobserved, in order to take the rest needful for his early journey.

II.

It was precisely five o'clock on the following morning when Fernald drove

up to Madame von Bernard's dwelling in the baron's comfortable covered carriage, drawn by two stout horses. The important trunk was firmly screwed on behind. The house door opened as they stopped, and a young man in grey livery came out, and bowing respectfully, announced that Madame Bernard would be ready directly. He then brought out a small trunk and handbox, and put them upon the box. In a few minutes Madame Bernard appeared, closely veiled, and enveloped in a costly India shawl. Fernald sprang to meet her, and lifted her in with assiduous care. He then seated himself beside her, the servant closed the door, sprang up beside the postilion, who cracked his whip, and off they started at a brisk trot.

The post-horn sounded, and the carriage clattered so over the stony pavement that conversation at first was impossible; but soon the wheels rolled lightly along the smooth highway, and Fernald commenced conversing, obtaining, however, only abstracted replies from his companion. He observed that she lacked that ease which she usually possessed in such a remarkable degree. Did anxiety for her aunt trouble her? or did she regret the unconventional step she had taken, in placing herself under his protection? Either was probable; but Fernald thought more of the latter, and remembered, with a thrill of joy, that she could not now draw back. Soon their conversation came to a standstill, and Madame von Bernard threw herself back and closed her eyes, as if to regain her morning nap.

When they arrived at the first station, where they were to change horses, a Bavarian official thrust his head in the carriage window, and said laconically: "Your passports!"

Fernald drew forth his, and handed it to him with Madame Bernard's, who said: "My servant's name is not upon mine; I decided so late to take him that there was no time to obtain his passport."

"Very well; then he cannot go; we have the most stringent orders," replied the official, in a phlegmatic but utterly resolute tone.

Fernald saw that she turned pale, and she cast a helpless look at him.

"Do not be troubled," he said, with a reassuring smile; "this will make all right;" and he handed a folded document to the officer.

"The servant accompanies me," he added.

The police officer, after glancing over the paper, returned it to Fernald, with a respectful bow, and told him that he would immediately see that the passports were *viséd*.

He went away with them in his hand. The servant, meanwhile, had been an interested spectator of this transaction, and Fernald noticed his face for the first time. He liked his appearance extremely, for his countenance was handsome and intelligent, set in curling chestnut locks, and enlivened by dancing brown eyes. He could have been only about twenty, for a dark down covered his upper lip. Fernald looked at him with admiration, and thought Madame von Bernard had the handsomest lackey ever seen in a lady's service.

The horses were brought out, and Fernald alighted to see that his precious trunk was safe. After a while the official brought back the passports, and as the young man turned quickly to hand hers to Madame Bernard, he saw a peculiar look of intelligence pass between herself and the servant. He felt a sudden pang of jealousy; but he instantly suppressed it, and thought: "What folly! I ought to be ashamed of myself," and jumped into the carriage, which started directly.

"It will be better," said Fernald, "to have your servant pass for mine the rest of the way—it simplifies the affair."

"Oh, thank you!" replied his companion eagerly; "but I had no idea the police were so strict."

"They are—especially now. I must know the name of your man."

"His name is Lippman—Otto Lippman."

"From Frankfort?"

"No; not from there; you come from Nassau, do you not, Lippman?"

"From Hadamar, madame!" answered the youth, who had leaned back to reply to his mistress's question.

Fernald thought he saw again an expression in the man's eyes that was exceedingly disagreeable to him, for he felt that he had a spy upon his movements, if nothing else. In consequence, conversation flagged still more. Fernald tried to talk with his companion about her former place of residence, but found it impossible to draw her out; she appeared ill at ease and anxious. Was her anxiety on account of her servant?

One thing was certain, there was something peculiar about this man. He talked at times with the postilion, a sulky-looking, broad-shouldered fellow, with a villainous scar across his brow and nose; the carriage made such a noise that Fernald could not hear what they said, but observed that the servant spoke very pure German, and certainly not the Hadamar dialect. Sometimes he looked round into the carriage, and glanced at his mistress with an expression decidedly *not* suitable for a servant. He wore, as was proper, rough leather gloves; but as he drew one of them off, Fernald saw a delicate white hand, with beautifully shaped nails—a hand which decidedly could *not* belong to a servant.

Fernald became more uncomfortable as time went on. Had this charming woman, with whom he was more in love than he had confessed to himself, deceived him about this fellow?—was he a lover in disguise, whom she took with her? Did he, in his simple good nature, assist at an elopement? Was this why the passport was not forthcoming? Might not the story of the sick aunt have been improvised for the occasion? How often had he heard Madame Bernard called coquettish and imprudent; and above all, why must he remember just now, that no one really knew anything about her?

All these thoughts rushed tumultuously through his mind, and rendered him thoroughly wretched. He finally leaned back in the corner of the carriage, and closed his eyes. He wished

to appear to sleep, however ungallant this might seem, in order to observe if any communication passed between mistress and servant.

His ruse soon succeeded. He felt that Madame Bernard leaned forward, and heard her say, "Lippman!"

The servant replied respectfully, "Well, madame?"

"Did you remember to put my crochet needle into the trunk?"

"Yes, madame; I packed it."

At first Fernald's heart beat high with joy, for the tone and question was only that suitable to a servant; but he presently reflected that a man did not usually take charge of such articles as crochet needles and the like, and he began to suspect that the question was put to test the reality of his slumbers. He resolved, therefore, still to feign sleep for a while. The carriage went very slowly, for they were come to a mountainous region, where the road ascended woody hills, and then plunged into deep valleys. The horses went apparently with great difficulty, and as the carriage no longer rattled, Fernald could hear distinctly each word spoken upon the box.

The postilion cracked his heavy whip in vain, the horses strained every nerve, but could go no faster; finally he said, with an oath, "What cursedly heavy baggage!"

"You only have three passengers and two trunks," replied Lippman. "I am sure that is not much."

"No, not much," answered the postilion; "but they are heavy enough."

"Then you cannot be accustomed to carry much baggage?"

"I am not accustomed to carry *such*; they are very rare," said the postilion, with a short, dry laugh.

"What are rare? Such trunks as ours?"

"Why, yes. A man does not often see one exactly like that screwed on behind us," said the postilion knowingly.

"I know nothing about it," replied Lippman curtly.

This conversation forced upon Fernald an unpleasant discovery; namely,

that the driver knew the contents of his trunk. It occurred to him that he would have preferred that this villainous-looking person who drove him through this solitary and thickly wooded region should *not* have known that he had with him half a million of money. His thoughts, however, were so taken up with Madame Bernard and her servant, that this only caused him a moment's uneasiness.

The carriage stopped, so that Fernald felt obliged to awake suddenly, and saw the postilion and his companion alight, that the weary horses might have less to carry. Soon they fell back, and commenced talking earnestly and rapidly. Fernald wondered if they were conversing about the trunk, perhaps laying some plot, and he regretted most heartily that he had exchanged his own trusty servant for this detestable young man. Involuntarily his hand fell upon the two loaded revolvers in the pocket of the carriage; then turning to his companion, he commenced an animated conversation. She now appeared at ease, and more like herself than before, and as he met the glance of her beautiful eyes, and listened to her clear voice, he felt truly ashamed of his doubts.

After the two men had resumed their seat upon the box, a long pause ensued. Presently Fernald observed that Lippman wrote something in his pocket-book, and, tearing out the leaf, folded it into the shape of a note, and placed it in his glove.

"Ah!" thought Fernald, his wrath rising anew, "a *billet-doux* for Madame Bernard! As soon as I turn round it will be thrown to her!"

He felt redoubled hatred towards Lippman; if a gendarme had been near he would have given him into custody; but no such person was to be seen.

Soon they arrived at the next stopping-place. On the way thither Fernald had reasoned with himself, and said revenge was ignoble; he would not disgrace Madame Bernard, but he *would* tell her that he had discovered her deception — had seen through her trick, and that he would magnanimously pro-

tect her and her lover through all danger. Still, he found it very hard to bring himself to this generous act; he, who loved her so madly, was, against his will, the party to her elopement! It was a despicable affair; but he was resolved to carry out his noble intention.

They now had arrived at the little village where they were not only to change horses, but to dine. It was a highly picturesque, but very miserable place where they were obliged to wait — an old inn, with a large, old-fashioned courtyard, with arms cut in the stone gateway. They alighted, and were shown by the rosy hostess into a large room on the first floor. While Fernald was ordering dinner, he watched Madame Bernard closely in a mirror that hung opposite to him, and found that he had not been mistaken; Lippman, in passing her, imagining himself unobserved, slipped something into her hand.

She took it quite as if she were accustomed to such confidences, and walked to the bay-window to read it unnoticed. Poor Fernald's heart throbbed violently with jealousy and grief. He walked rapidly up and down the room in the greatest agitation. A horrible thought had crossed his brain, and he could not rid himself of it. Who had told him that this was Madame Bernard's lover? If she had planned an elopement, what need had she of his protection? Was she not independent and free to marry her servant if she wished! And Lippman was no servant; that he could see with half an eye. No, no; far more likely that the plot concerned his valuable trunk! Did not the postilion know its contents? and very probably half Frankfort knew the object of his journey. How many times had he heard of even titled swindlers? He felt himself the helpless victim of a fiendish conspiracy. But no, he would not believe it; the idea was too monstrous, too terrible. Fernald was ashamed of his thoughts, but could not stifle them, when Madame Bernard suddenly turned and asked him some question concerning their future journey.

He answered her as curtly as possible.

"Do you know," she said, smiling, "that you look very cross, and I might say fierce, besides having been remarkably silent for some time? Confess, now, that you regret having taken me for a travelling companion, and wish me at Jericho! Do you not?"

This was said with the most artless manner and the sweetest of smiles; but neither had its usual effect upon the unhappy man.

"Does she try to play with me?" he asked himself grimly. "Madame," he answered somewhat brusquely, "I need not assure you that your company is agreeable to me at any time; but I must confess to you that the presence of Otto Lippman is far from being so. The man is no servant; his livery is a masquerade; and while on the one hand your want of confidence wounds me to the quick, on the other I have reasons of my own for being very watchful and suspicious of a strange companion."

At these words Madame Bernard turned as pale as ashes. She looked at him in silence, as if stunned, and approaching him half whispered: "Have you, then, discovered this?"

"I have perceived it; and must ask you, decidedly, for an explanation!"

"You are right—quite right," she answered quickly. "I have treated you unfairly; but Heaven knows it was not my fault. I have the most perfect confidence in your nobleness and generosity, but my brother wished—he required it, or I should at once have told you, Herr Fernald."

"Your brother wished—required?"

"It is of my brother that you were speaking," she whispered, in the greatest excitement. "I will confess all to you. It is right that you should know the whole——"

"Is the young man your brother?" cried Fernald joyfully.

"He is my brother," replied Madame Bernard.

"But why is he thus disguised?"

"This disguise he was obliged to take in consequence of his mad folly, in

which he persisted, deaf to all my entreaties. He is a student in his first year at Heidelberg, and came here to take part in that outbreak, the particulars of which you know so well. Being compromised deeply by it, he took refuge with me, instead of escaping to a foreign land, and I have concealed him for two months past."

"This, then, is the meaning of the riddle!" said Fernald, ready to ask her pardon upon his knees for his base doubts.

"This is the secret," said she, "which I give unreservedly into your keeping."

"And now you intend to pass him on in this disguise?"

"That is my intention. At first escape was impossible; the police were so strict that we were obliged to wait. Lately I have been daily more anxious and impatient; and last night, when a friend of my brother's brought me a note suggesting this plan, I was glad to avail myself of it. Here, briefly, you have the whole story," she concluded; "and now you know all!"

"Yes, enough to make me heartily ashamed to stand before you," said Fernald, "and you cannot imagine how happy it makes me to be of service to you."

She gave him her hand with a look of gratitude, and he pressed it eagerly to his lips.

"Believe me," he said, "not a hair of your brother's head shall be injured; I will answer for it with my life. But what will you do—not take him to Vienna, surely?"

"No indeed. I intend to go as far as Salzburg only; there he can reach Switzerland without fear of detection."

"Without doubt an excellent plan," said Fernald; "but shall I, then, only accompany you as far as Salzburg?" he added, in a melancholy tone.

Madame Bernard did not answer, but laid her finger on her lips, for just then the maid entered to lay the table.

"Lay three plates," said he to the latter.

"Oh, that is quite unnecessary," whispered Madame Bernard; "every

one would think it strange for the master and servant to eat together. Let him stay in the servants' hall."

"Very well; as you like." Then turning to the maid—"Only two."

"And what kind of a note did Lippman hand you just now?" asked Fernald, in a low tone, turning to his companion.

She changed color slightly, saying: "Did you see that, too?"

"My eye observes very watchfully all that concerns you in any way."

"It appears," she said, glancing at him with a bright smile, "that nothing escapes you."

"May I not know the contents of this note?"

"That you never shall," answered she quickly.

"More secrets still!"

"In this you must submit."

"I submit to any yoke you lay upon me."

With these words he was about to take her hand, but she turned from him, blushing deeply, and at the same instant the hostess entered with a smoking soup-tureen.

"Tell the postilion to harness while we dine," said Fernald.

"I think he is doing so now," replied the woman.

"Then he can wait," replied Fernald carelessly.

III.

WHEN they had spent half an hour at the table, Madame Bernard told the maid to call her servant, and Fernald sent for the postilion to drive up. After some time the maid returned, and said she could not find the servant, and the postilion had driven on in advance.

"Gone on! without me!" cried Fernald, in astonishment.

"Did you not order him to do so?" asked the hostess, who had just entered, and seemed rather disturbed; "they tell me he drove away like mad."

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed Fernald; "but why did I not hear it roll away?"

"You said the carriage must not remain standing in the street, so he drove

out the back way, from which a lane leads to the city gate."

"Now Heaven help me!" cried Fernald, in the greatest excitement. "Send for the burgomaster—mounted police—and a hundred thalers to any one who will have a horse ready saddled in ten minutes—a fast one, mind!"

Great confusion ensued; some ran for the burgomaster—others for the police, and Fernald in a few minutes saw a strong, fresh horse before the door. The reins were already in his hand, but he dropped them, and turned to Madame Bernard, who came to the window, pale and frightened, and calling in vain for Lippman.

"Is he not there? Have you not yet found this Lippman?" cried Fernald, with an indescribably scornful emphasis on the name.

"Heaven only knows where he is," she replied, bursting into tears.

"Oh, but I know too well," cried he, beside himself with rage and disappointment. "I see I am the victim of a plot; yes, of the most abominable, infamous plot ever planned."

With these words, he leaped into the saddle, just as the burgomaster, a fat man in his shirt-sleeves, came running breathlessly round the corner.

"Sir," said Fernald, turning to him, "a swindler and my postilion have escaped with my carriage—send all the force you can collect after them. An immense sum of money is contained in a trunk screwed on behind—he who restores it to me uninjured and intact, shall receive ten thousand francs reward—therefore despatch."

With these words he set off at full gallop, leaving the burgomaster pale as his shirt, and staring after him in mute amazement.

The carriage had the advantage of starting half an hour before him, and as Fernald urged his horse to a still faster pace, he felt what a small chance he had of overtaking it; for although loaded so heavily, two horses could certainly travel full as fast as one; but it was his only hope, and he caught at it in desperation. He tore along at a frantic pace, hoping at each turn to see

the carriage in the distance ; but this hope deceived him constantly. He met a couple of lumber wagons and some foot passengers from time to time ; he asked them eagerly, if they had seen a carriage pass ; they would reply, " Yes, half an hour ago."

Presently he met two horses all harnessed, which browsed by the wayside. He looked at them earnestly. Surely they were the same that brought him here ; but where was their driver, the man with the scar ? he should be back in the city by this time. How did the horses come here ? He too must be in the plot, and had probably ridden on, met the new postilion, and let his horses go. Yes, he was convinced this must be the case ; and so much the worse, for he had now to deal with three conspirators instead of two, and he remembered, with a thrill, that his pistols were left in the carriage, and were now, no doubt, in the hands of the villains.

A wild rage overcame him as he thought how completely he had been deceived and entrapped by the woman in whom he had felt such confidence. By his folly, his weakness, he had lost the money entrusted to him, and with it his honor and reputation ! Oh, how willingly would he have given his life to recover these lost treasures ! He whipped and spurred his weary steed unmercifully, which now began to slacken its pace and breathed painfully. The poor animal ran up hill and down hill ; the dust and gravel flew ; but all in vain. Nothing was in sight. As he made a sharp turn, full a mile of the highway stretched before him, but nothing was to be seen on any part of it. At this moment the worn-out horse stumbled and fell ; Fernald raised him, but he could hardly stand, and, after going feebly a few steps, fell again, and did not attempt to rise.

Fernald found his left leg was under the creature's body ; he drew it out, bruised but uninjured ; as for the pain of the limb, he did not feel it, for he could have wept from sheer despair. He sat on the ground by the side of his fallen horse, who lay covered with

sweat and foam, uttering from time to time a low whinny. He looked at the animal, and, covering his face with his hands, murmured brokenly, " Now all is lost ! "

Presently he looked back towards the town. Was no one coming to assist him ? Did nobody care for the reward ? No ! not a man appeared in all the dreary distance.

Fernald did not dare to give up the pursuit. He resolved to go on foot to the next station ; and as he rose to shake the dust from his clothes, he saw at the top of an extremely distant hill two horses' heads. An involuntary impulse forced him to look at them. Now a calèche appeared behind them ; how much it looked like *his* calèche—the horses began to trot rapidly towards him—they came nearer ; he rubbed his eyes and believed himself dreaming, for *Lippman* sat upon the box, and swung the whip carelessly from side to side.

As he caught sight of Fernald, he nodded gaily, and soon drew up before the amazed and overjoyed man. " Here are your carriage and your trunk all safe, Mr. Fernald ! " he cried, springing from the box. " Heaven be praised that I have been able to save it for you."

" You — *you* saved it ! " said Fernald breathlessly, feeling as if a sentence of death had been remitted.

" A lucky chance enabled me to spoil the fine plans of those two knaves," replied the youth, " while you and my sis—that is, my mistress — "

" I know that Madame Bernard is your sister — she told me so."

" I see you know everything. Well, while you two sat at dinner, I thought I would stroll about the town a little. As I stood looking at the ancient carving on the gateway, I heard the measured sound of horses' feet approaching with great rapidity. I recognized our carriage directly, and at first thought the horses were running away ; but then of course the coachman would not whip them so severely. Suddenly, the trunk occurred to me. I concealed myself in the shadow of the gateway, and

as the vehicle thundered by, made a spring, and found myself perched upon the precious trunk.

"There I sat," continued the young man, "and had time to think over the situation. I felt convinced your trunk was being stolen—but what could I do to hinder it? I knew there were pistols in the carriage; but what good would that do to me? Well, I thought, time will show; so I kicked my heels on the trunk, and a mad ride I had, up hill and down. At last the fellow slackened his speed, and then he shouted aloud. I looked round the corner of the carriage, to see what would happen next—it was just the other side of the hill. A road led off into the woods, and there stood the postilion with the scar, awaiting the booty with folded arms. His horses were by him, and he had evidently come to take charge of the trunk, and carry it off, Heaven knows where.

"This was an unpleasant discovery for me. I racked my brains to think how to deal with them, but resolved to leave it to my lucky stars.

"'There you are,' I heard the fellow with the scar call out. 'Has all turned out well?'

"'Why not?' was answered from the box. 'Come, drive off your horses; they must not be found here.'

"The other led his beasts into the middle of the road, turned their heads homewards, and gave them some sharp cuts, which set them off in full trot. The next moment would have discovered me, and I dared not be found weaponless. I slipped from the trunk, glided swiftly around the carriage, and, as their backs were turned, succeeded in getting in and seizing your pistols; then leaned quietly back in the corner. Just then, one shouted, 'All right; go ahead!' and came to the door to get in.

"I must confess that I now regret what I did; but the man's ugly red face, and his look of rage at seeing me, were so utterly repulsive that I lost control of myself, and fired. I trust I have not killed him. He fell, grasping his shoulder, and I think I wounded him there."

"And the other?" said Fernald, who had listened with breathless attention.

"The other had discovered me, just as I fired, and now was feeling for his knife; but him, alone, I did not fear. I pointed the other pistol at him, and cried, 'You are a thief, and I will shoot you, as I did that other dog, if you do not leave immediately—away with you!' He went away, cursing me with all his might, and left me room to turn; this I did with some difficulty, as I felt obliged to keep my eye and the pistol both upon him; but he withdrew to his wounded comrade; I whipped up, and here we are!"

"How shall I thank you?" cried Fernald. "This is the bravest deed I ever heard of! You know not what you have saved me by your decision, your boldness and presence of mind."

"I will drive you home, if you will get in," said the student, anxious to stop his praise and commendation.

"My sister will be uneasy."

"Yes, yes; let us go."

"Shall I continue to drive?"

"Yes, by all means. But let me sit on the box beside you, that we may talk together. You are a hero—a perfect treasure of a student."

He got up beside him, and the tired horses fell into a slow trot.

"Do, pray, tell me your name? I do not yet know it," said Fernald.

"I am called Leonard Dorneck."

"And you are a student, compromised by taking part in the late riot?"

"Alas! yes."

"I will assist you, were you involved ever so deeply," cried Fernald confidently.

"I assure you, I shall not refuse your help," said Dorneck, laughing.

"But," said Fernald, with a deep sigh, "you must do the same for me."

"You? What do you mean?"

"I feel myself laden with a great sin, which concerns you and your sister. I am not troubled so much about you. Your sister, I feel, will never forgive me."

"Well, confess to my sister, and beg for pardon; you will get it. She thinks

rather highly of you already, and I wrote her a little note to-day, congratulating her upon her conquest, and giving my consent to any little arrangements you may make; so you see you have not much to fear."

"Was that the purport of your note?" cried Fernald. Without waiting for an answer, he continued: "Nevertheless I hardly dare to come into your sister's presence."

"Oh, ho!" said Dorneck; "what's the trouble?"

"I will tell you, that you can see what a position I am in. I believed, a while ago, that you and your sister had conspired together to rob and cheat me."

"The devil you did," said the youth, frowning; "that looks bad."

"I hate and despise myself for it; but it is so."

"Then one of us must shoot the other," said Dorneck soberly.

"The pistols are in the carriage. I will give you satisfaction if you demand it."

"My sister is very fond of me, and cares a little for you, so that would not mend the matter," said the student, in a fit of laughter. "It is best not to take it too tragically. A man who has charge of half a million may well be suspicious. I have never been in such a predicament, and trust I never shall be; but after due consideration, I pardon you."

"That is noble and generous of you; but—your sister?"

"As you have confessed your fault so openly to me, I promise not to tell her anything about it."

"But I was so angry and excited that I told her myself."

"Fie! that was a false move."

"Now you see how unhappy I am."

"Nonsense! you have your money again; that is the principal thing!"

"Not at all; no money could console me for the treasure I have lost."

Dorneck threw a keen glance at him. In the despair which Fernald's features so plainly showed, there seemed to be something that amused him.

"Let us hope for the best," he said

finally, with a roguish smile. "I think if you fail that I can assist you, even at the worst."

A rider just then came to meet them. It was a gendarme, whom the tardy burgomaster had just despatched.

They told him of the adventure, and sent him in search of the wounded man.

At last they reached the town. Fernald's heart beat high as he alighted at the gate, where the hostess and burgomaster stood, surrounded by a gaping crowd, to whom they were explaining what the reward was, and how they might obtain it. They were excessively surprised to see the carriage return, and asked a hundred questions, which Fernald cut short, and after asking the burgomaster for an armed guard for the carriage, he promised to report to him shortly with Dorneck.

"Heaven protect me, if I am to appear before the government officials," whispered the latter.

"Never mind," replied Fernald; "I will be security for you—now for your sister!"

Madame von Bernard had gone to her room in a state of agitation perfectly indescribable, and going to the window, had seen their return. She now flew to meet them and threw herself into her brother's arms.

"Oh, Leonard, Leonard!" she cried, weeping, "what have I suffered on your account!"

Dorneck disengaged himself gently from her, and leading her back into her room, said, as he beckoned Fernald to follow,—

"Dear Frida, I truly believe you have been in great distress, but it is all over, now that we three are together again; but here is one whose grief is far greater, for he feels he does not deserve his good fortune, since he has insulted you unpardonably."

Madame grew pale, and was about to turn away; but her brother seized her hand, and said,—

"However unpardonable it was, still you must forgive him, Frida; nothing else will do. For I can assure you most solemnly, that the recovery of half

a million of money did not console him for the loss of your favor. I think one should forgive such repentance as that proves ! ”

Madame Bernard looked with a smile at her handsome brother, and then shyly at Fernald, who, at this captivating glance, fell upon his knees, and raised her hand to his lips.

“ Oh, do not let me suffer all my life for the fault of one evil moment ! ” he cried fervently.

“ You have wounded me deeply,” she replied hesitatingly ; “ but, if my brother speaks truly, I shall be obliged to pardon you, and make peace. So rise, and tell me all that has happened since you left me in so different a way,” she added archly.

“ You restore life to me,” said Fernald, springing to his feet. “ Let your brother tell you all about the rescue, which he alone and unaided performed, and in the mean time I will see that all cause for anxiety about him shall be put aside. May I write here ? ”

“ Certainly ; I will bring you pen and ink.”

While Dorneck related the whole adventure to his sister, Fernald wrote. He announced to his chief, that Leonard Dorneck had saved this immense sum of money by his coolness and bravery, and as a reward he demanded for him a passport, all in proper order, and a full pardon for his past misdemeanors. As soon as this was finished, he sent it off by a special messenger.

Fernald and Dorneck then went to the burgomaster, who, after glancing at Fernald’s important document, asked no impertinent questions about the student, but took their depositions, which were necessary for the arrest of the two rascals.

After this they were obliged to wait in this little town, and amuse themselves as well as they could, until an answer came from the great baron in Frankfort. Madame von Bernard had now an opportunity to heap burning coals of fire on Fernald’s head, and in spite of this made him happier than he had ever been in his life. And when the baron’s answer came, in a few days,

with congratulations that all had turned out so well, and with Dorneck’s passport *viséd*, according to order, he might also have added congratulations to the happy couple on their engagement.

The next morning, two calèches stood before the inn ; one contained Madame Bernard and her scapegrace of a brother, who were going to Heidelberg, from whence she was to return to Frankfort. Fernald was in his own, on the top of which sat a royal Bavarian gendarme to protect the precious trunk the rest of the way to Vienna.

One fortnight after, he returned safely to Frankfort, having delivered the valuable trunk to the proper authorities, and bringing with him a most acceptable gift for his betrothed — the full and entire pardon of her brother.

Their marriage soon took place, and from that day forward Fernald never found cause to regret the journey he had taken with half a million of money.

From The Nineteenth Century.
 TRAINED WORKERS FOR THE POOR.

BY MISS OCTAVIA HILL.

A GREAT increase of sympathy with the poor has taken place in England during the last few years, bringing forward countless devoted and industrious volunteers in all branches of work for the people. Their sympathy, their self-sacrifice, and their zeal are of priceless value ; but many circumstances point to the necessity of their being definitely trained. In old days, when our population was smaller, when parishes were more distinct from one another, when more of English life was in the country villages, district visiting was less *work* than *neighborly kindness* taking its natural course in the flow of help to individuals who had long been known, and the inclination to do loving and serviceable acts was sufficient qualification. No inquiry was needed, all applicants for alms were known ; no precedent seemed to be established by helping under given circumstances, these perhaps never repeated themselves ; no huge, baseless, unreasoning hope that

never could be fulfilled was called up by scattered almsgiving; nor was there the great yawning gulf of London into which the agricultural population might be enticed by the squandering of ill-considered gifts, or the wholesale gratuitous supply of necessary things which most men provide for themselves. A few years ago when sanitary science, social science, educational science were in their infancy, and there were few people who had made a study of them, native common sense was all the young worker could trust to. Now, how changed are all things! Who would not scorn to offer the uninstructed nursing which kindness alone guides, thinking of the subtle perfections of the art which a trained nurse has? Who would dare to teach classes without preparation, knowing what is expected of the humblest infant schoolteacher in the smallest, most out-of-the-way school. The advance of knowledge, and the massing of large bodies of people which absolutely demands organization, alike point to the altered duties of those who would be really serviceable.

The problem, as it seems to me, is how to unite the fresh, loving, spontaneous, individual sympathy with the quiet, grave, sustained, and instructed spirit of the trained worker; it is, in fact, how to gain the wisdom, and increase, not lose, the love.

First, we shall need patience. All fresh workers entering the field must say to themselves, "I must be humble, and work, and wait, and prepare."

Then, secondly, we must recognize that there must be special training, and it is only the extreme boldness of the wholly ignorant which induces them to rush in, confident in their good-will, with a temerity which it makes the more experienced tremble to see.

Let us, then, suppose that a beginner is conscious of the need of preparation—how is she to obtain it? In certain departments the courses of study and procedure are too clearly laid down and known for it to be necessary even to mention them—education and nursing are now among the skilled and certificated branches of work. With regard

to the others, one may lay down the general rules that time for preparation must be given; that fresh recruits should begin at the bottom and rise gradually, and that they should deliberately set themselves under those who have experience.

There will, then, arise the question whether training is best in institutions or in one's own home, and also as to what is the best point from which to work, an institution or one's own home. So far as training is concerned, it is manifest that the answer must be different in different cases. If it be true that to be under experienced teachers is essential, new volunteers must go where such are to be found, and those whose homes are inaccessible to such centres must, for a time at least, transplant themselves to other neighborhoods during the period of their training. If, on the other hand, their own homes are within reach of leaders and teachers, and they have the will and the power to take up work among the poor, steadily, as their brothers prepare for their professions, if their home duties make them feel it right so to devote a regular, even if it be a small, part of their time, then I say, very deliberately, that in my estimation the training is best done from the natural home.

For, note, we are educating, not a mechanic to practise manual work, not a lawyer whose intellect must be developed and mind stored with facts, not a physician who must gather knowledge and dispense advice, but a worker who, though she may need a certain manual skill, and clear intellect, and knowledge, is primarily a human being who may use manual and mental power for the help and blessing of numbers of families. That being so, all will depend on what she is; unconscious as she may, and should be, of herself, her influence will radiate from her like light from a star; and we have yet to learn that there is any training for noble and gentle souls like that of family life. Besides all this, in my estimation the work most needed now is in the homes of the people; and how are we to teach and help in the family, if the

sacred duties to parents, to brothers and sisters—if the old household claims—seem to us of little moment, and to be easily thrown aside for others? In my experience, those who are deeply imbued with the spirit of family life are those who best help the poor; in this spirit they meet on the great human ground, older than theories of equality, safer than our imaginings of fresh arrangements for the world, and fitter to inspire the noblest and the simplest sense of duty.

Far be it from me to generalize, or to try to lay down a law as to what is best for any one—let each see and judge for herself; but this I will say, that the deep honor for home-life is essential to the best kind of work for the poor now. Thrift?—yes, if you like; education?—yes, if it be good; preparing girls for service, sanitary improvement, skilled nursing, country holidays, amusements, drill, open spaces, and fifty more things, all are valuable; but one spark of honor for and love of home, and sense of duty therein, if it were granted to you to fan it into life, would be a better gift, one more far-reaching in its influence, and bearing better fruit, *without* which all the other gifts are very poor—with which they will bring much good.

This belief of mine will very distinctly show what I feel with regard to deaconesses, settlements, and other groups of trained workers living apart from their homes. They may, and in many cases probably will, excel in what we may call the technical portions of their work, and will have, in certain ways, more weight in a district, from these being as a rule carried on more continuously; they form, moreover, a centre in many large towns where the poor live far from the rich. In such institutions will naturally be found those who have taken up work for the poor as their main duty in life, among whom will be, as a rule, probably, many of the more experienced workers and leaders; but whether, with all their technical advantages, residents in them can ever give the great crowning spiritual help in the home-life of the poor will depend on why and how those residents left their

own homes; whether, on the one hand, they had any lurking belief that life in a community was holier than life in a family; whether they had shrunk from the discipline and humility of fulfilling duties *laid* upon them, and preferred *chosen* duties; or whether, on the other hand, no home existing for them, they entered into joyful service of the poor, and what reflex of family and household duty life with fellow-workers opened out; or whether the daily duties of home being done by others, the devotion to out-of-the-way poor districts seemed due from them, and, still remaining in near touch with, and full reverence for, home and family life, they, as it were, kept a foothold, too, nearer the most desolate districts; or again whether they were new workers going, as to school or college, to gather knowledge, hereafter to be used when they return home.

Since, in the autumn of 1891, I brought before the public in the pages of this review the new scheme for district visiting in connection with the Women's University Settlement in Southwark, my thoughts have been turned, even more than before, to the question of training those who would work among the poor.

In the management of houses the duties are so responsible, and the knowledge needed so special, that I have always been obliged either to secure ladies with experience, or to put those who offer help through a long and careful course of preparation. They begin by serving under leaders, and by fulfilling the easiest and simplest duties; only after considerable time are they put in positions of trust. The necessities of the case, the absolute need of special knowledge, drove me either to give good training, or to leave my volunteers as mere kindly messengers between the more experienced workers and the tenants under their charge.

But directly that, as a member of the committee of the Women's University Settlement, I was in part instrumental in enrolling a body of visitors in the homes of the poor, I saw that they also would require definite, though different,

training. Each of them would be responsible for a small group of families in a given court or street, would be pledged to care for them wisely as well as kindly; but would not have the duties to owners, to local and sanitary authorities, nor the charge of money, accounts, and repairs, which are required for the management of houses, and which have formed so valuable a means of education to my own workers. If they were to do the steady, thorough, real work they and we wished, they must have special preparation for it.

We found, as was to be expected, a certain number of women who had by steady work gained experience; but every year brings forward a fresh body of younger and ardent helpers, women of power developed by the better education now open to them, capable of becoming workers of a very high order, but absolutely without knowledge to deal with the problems they will have to face. Many of them, in their very eagerness to help, and their sense of maturity and power, are inclined to think first of being useful at once, and feel as if they had not now time to devote to preparation. This arises in great measure, however, from there being no training-place for those intending to live at home and take up work for the poor, no course of study sketched out for them by those of experience, no definite requirements demanded of those who would serve — not even of those who would earn — in such fields of work. We are, with regard to this most important and complicated matter, where we were with regard to nursing before Florence Nightingale qualified as a nurse, and before teachers were expected to pass through colleges and obtain certificates.

What appeared to the committee of the Women's University Settlement important was to set before the public a higher standard of what was requisite, and to render it possible for those who desire it to qualify themselves.

It seemed to the committee that the Women's University Settlement was a very suitable place for such a course of training. The lady warden, Miss Sew-

ell, has shown, in an unusual degree, knowledge of the subject, combined with power of teaching. The near connection and continuous intercourse of the Settlement with the universities to which it owes its origin, bring it into touch with those who have received a university education, and who are likely to prove the most able of future workers. The situation of the Settlement in the heart of a large and poor district renders it useful to have helpers there, and they can there study questions affecting life in London, and can find ample sphere for practical effort. It is available as a teaching centre not only for residents, but for many ladies living at their own homes. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners and others having put under my charge a large number of houses for the poor in the immediate neighborhood, I am able to train and use in them those few ladies who prove qualified for, and inclined to, that form of helpfulness. Finally, it is the place where we who are deeply impressed with the need of raising the standard of qualification are at work, and can give the necessary supervision.

We consider that our scheme should be framed so as to meet the requirements both of volunteers and of those purposing to engage in work professionally.

(1) *The Volunteers.* These include the large and ever-increasing number who desire to help wisely their poorer friends and neighbors, whether directly as district visitors, on committees of institutions, as members of district committees of the Charity Organization Society, or indirectly in their own households and on their own estates; and also those who should be ready to come forward to undertake more definite responsibilities as poor law guardians or members of school boards. There is, at present, no recognized qualified body of people to certify the training or fitness of candidates for such offices. One person tells some one else she knows Mrs. —, whom she thinks likely to do, and those who uphold women as women support her, or those who think workhouses and district schools should

have at least some woman to see to the hundreds of women and children they contain, gladly support any who will come forward. It may be she is fit ; it may be she is unfit ; at any rate she has to learn laboriously, sometimes disastrously, what might have been taught her gradually, and under experienced leaders.

(2) *Professional workers.* The more volunteer work increases, the more need there is of a certain proportion of paid work to keep it together. As the board of guardians, or bench of magistrates, has its paid clerk ; as the good Charity Committee has its paid secretary ; as the choir has its choir-master ; so most groups of volunteers have, and must have, their paid worker. This opens the way to a moderate income for many women who have the care of the poor as much on their hearts as any volunteer. Give them training, and they will become increasingly valuable and valued. On many a Charity Organization Committee, attached to many a parochial organization as managers of houses for the poor, how eagerly would trained workers be caught up, how valuable they would be !

The committee, therefore, determined to offer a course of training to women, resident or non-resident at the Settlement, but who are willing to prepare themselves steadily, and to pass through a given course as advised.

During the past year the visitors in the various districts have been not only doing and learning their practical duties, and growing into nearer friendship with their people, but have had opportunities of talking over with experienced workers what is best to be done with any family under their care.

With regard to theoretical study, Miss Margaret Benson has given a course of six lectures on capital and labor, co-operation, trade unions, etc. This course has been attended by from thirty to forty ladies. Miss Sewell has also given an elementary course on the various agencies at present existing in Southwark, medical, educational, and recreative ; on the Poor Law, the School Board, the sanitary laws, etc. ;

and has drawn up a list of books helpful to those intending to take up work among the poor.

The committee recently heard that the trustees of the Pfeiffer bequest, which was left for the benefit of women and girls, had made grants to Girton, Somerville, and Newnham Colleges, available for scholarships. The committee has, therefore, sent in an application asking whether the trustees will found two scholarships tenable at the Women's University Settlement, the value of each of which should be 50*l.* per annum, for the benefit of such women as may be selected by the Settlement Committee in conjunction with any college or representative body whom the trustees may see fit to appoint. Such scholars to hold the scholarship for one, or better still for two years, and to go through the course which may be laid down for practical and theoretical training. The Settlement is registered under the Limited Liabilities Act, as is Girton ; and its constitution and by-laws have been settled by Lord Thring for the Association. It is governed by a committee elected by the various women's colleges ; and therefore, though it is only five years old, we think it might be entrusted with such scholarships.

But, if the trustees should unfortunately decide differently ; if, as so often has happened before, individuals have to lead the way as pioneers who may dare to risk in order to show paths whereon the public hereafter walks securely, then we commend our scheme to the consideration of those who wish to secure sounder help for the poor, who would gladly promote this by providing the means of training for one or two of those earnest and willing of our younger workers, who, able to give their time to their poorer neighbors, and capable of forming centres of light and leading on their return to their homes, yet cannot afford to pay for a year's or two years' residence at the Settlement where they can get the needful preparation, and who, living out of London, cannot come daily. Let those who can help think also of the

means such scholarships would be of opening up to women one more branch of honorable and useful remunerative work, preparing them — not to do some new design in crewels, or ornamental leather, which a jaded public may be induced to buy in “charity” at a fashionable bazaar, but setting them in forlorn and desolate districts, where their wisdom and strength are urgently needed; where, ready with counsel, with clear knowledge, with trained sagacity and self-control, they may stand by the poor, having learned to render them help which shall endure; enabling such women to feel that when they draw their salary and take it back to help their own home, they have earned it by work which was really wanted. Let those who could help remember that, if they can manage for a year or two thus to arrange for training one or two workers without any paraphernalia of perpetual scholarships, they will have helped to set a standard of necessary preparation which may go far to save our poor from the degrading curse of our shiftless and unreasonable almsgiving, as well as having started willing and good women on a useful professional career.

Every year brings forward some new huge and widely advertised panacea for poverty which can only be met by steady, quiet, and wise action; every fall of snow, or suspicion of slackness, causes an outcry that some fresh remedy is necessary. Great are the temptations to politicians, to newspaper writers, to philanthropists, to the indolent whose uneasy consciences are aroused, to rush into hasty action which ever more degrades, and induces a gambling recklessness in the miserable receivers of gifts suddenly lavished, and again suddenly withheld. Men flock in from the country to London, tempted by these huge schemes, from which they hope to receive something without due labor. Every young man fresh from college has his certain cure for social evils. Labor is paid for at a higher rate in London than elsewhere; nearly everything is cheaper here than elsewhere; a large proportion of wages

goes to the public-house; dirt and neglect attract alms. Thrift hardly exists among our poor, and the self-controlled among them may well ask themselves whether it pays or not, so lavish are the scattered gifts of foolish donors. Considering all these ominous facts, one feels as if, whatever wild things the inexperienced may do, some of us must set ourselves to make our people worth more, must help them to be their best selves, to prepare their children for useful work, to use the hardly earned wages well, to put by for the rainy day. We must try to bring all the knowledge of the present day to bear on their lives, to make their homes happy — often to learn from themselves how we can help them. All this needs preparation and experience, gained not at the cost of the poor, but side by side with experienced workers.

From The Scottish Review.

THE WEDDING TOUR OF JAMES VI. IN NORWAY.

THROUGHOUT the long and varied career of James VI. there is only one incident that stands forth prominently as showing that he had a dash of the romantic Stuart blood in his veins — his chivalrous voyage to Norway to bring home his bride. There is a tinge of romance in the dubious story of the Gowrie Conspiracy, but it is not of a kind that reflects much glory upon the king. The valiant expeditions which he led to the North against Huntly, seem to show that the crown still graced the brow of a worthy descendant of the king who fought and fell at Flodden; and yet the careful student of the history of the period will find that James VI. did not place his precious person in great jeopardy until he had made sure that there was little danger to be apprehended. But it was far otherwise when he committed his royal person and fortunes to the mercy of the raging North Sea in winter, and set sail across the stormy waters to bring home the wedded wife whom he had never seen. He could not take refuge behind his

men-at-arms against the attacks of blustering Boreas, as he had done to escape the rage of the Ruthvens at Gowrie House; and to face the stormy waters at the most tempestuous time of the year, he must have encased his heart in the "triple brass" which Horace desiderated for the first navigator. It is more than remarkable, therefore, that Scottish historians have passed over this incident almost in silence, and that one looks in vain throughout the contemporary records of the time for a faithful and exhaustive account of the king's adventures in Norway. There are ample details of the secret preparations made by the king for his departure from Leith. The letter in which he announced the appointment of regents during his absence, and commanded his people to obey them, is preserved, and has been frequently printed. The names of the trusty nobles whom he took with him have been faithfully recorded, and even their trifling disputes as to precedence have been detailed. A gossiping story is told by Moysie regarding the king's first meeting with his bride at Oslo, and the bare fact of his marriage there is beyond doubt. The great preparations made to welcome the king on his return to Scotland with his queen, and the imposing ceremonies observed at their coronation, have been very fully detailed by more than one chronicler. But the strange and romantic adventures of James VI. during the six months that he was absent from his kingdom are nowhere completely related in Scottish history, and are usually touched upon in the most perfunctory fashion.

With this fact I was confronted some time ago in a striking manner. Having been engaged for years past collecting materials for a history of the reign of James VI., I was brought to a standstill to account for the long period that elapsed between his leaving Leith in October, 1589, and his return there in the following April. It is doubtless true that Spottiswoode gives an imperfect itinerary of the king's tour in Norway and Denmark, derived possibly

from the stories told by some of the brilliant company in the king's train; but nothing is said as to the adventures of the king before his marriage, nor of the remarkable incidents in that strange voyage. Melville also details a few of the events in this episode, though his information is very incomplete. In the Records of the Privy Council, Vol. IV., Professor Masson has drawn together in a series of footnotes nearly all that these historians have related, quoting also the interesting letter from the king to Robert Bruce regarding his home-coming, which is given *in extenso* by Calderwood (Vol. V., pp. 81, 82). Tytler, founding upon some mysterious authority to which he does not refer, states that the marriage took place in "the Church of Upsal," by which he may have meant Upsala in Sweden, though all the previous writers call the town "Upslaw," which we may take as the Scottish version of the name Oslo, in Norway. The very date of the marriage is variously given by different authorities; and after thorough investigation the anxious inquirer must come to the conclusion that the Scottish records of this very important event are in a state of chaotic confusion.

Meditating upon this subject, and entirely at a loss to know where I should turn for reliable material wherewith to fill up this serious gap in the life of James VI., I suddenly recollected that the Rev. W. Dunn Macray in his Report on the MSS. in the University Library at Copenhagen (Forty-fifth Report of the Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records, Appendix II., p. 62) written in 1883, mentioned a quarto of thirty-two leaves, entitled "Copy (made at the beginning of the eighteenth century) of a Danish narrative of the marriage of James VI. of Scotland with the Princess Anna, containing both the Negotiations and the Ceremonial." Here was a source of information that had been overlooked by our Scottish historians. But it was only a copy of comparatively recent date. Where was the original to be found? Surely there was some likelihood of its being preserved in a

public repository near where the ceremony took place. The town of Oslo had been superseded by the city of Christiania, founded by Christiern IV., the brother of the Princess Anna, in 1625, and it was remotely possible that the document might have been placed for security there. At least it would be worth the labor to visit Christiania, and to find if no local tradition existed regarding an event of such moment as the marriage of a foreign king with the sister of the reigning sovereign. My anticipations were more than realized. The original contemporary account of the bridal of James VI. of Scotland is now preserved in the library of the University of Christiania, and it sets at rest forever the dubiety as to the scene of the marriage and the style of the ceremony. With the kind assistance of Professor Rygh and Professor Gustav Storm of Christiania University, and also with the friendly aid of Herr O. A. Overland, author of the "*Illustreret Norges Historie*," I have been able to make this valuable document of some avail for future Scottish historians. Before quoting from it, however, it may be interesting to relate some of the other incidents in this search after historic truth.

It was natural to suppose, as Tytler states, that the marriage of the king would take place in the church, so taking a conveyance from Christiania, I set out to discover the Kirke of Oslo. The old town of Oslo, founded in 1050, and now a mere suburb of Christiania, is situated at the base of the Ekeberg, a mountain-ridge that rises precipitously to a height of four hundred feet, and overlooks the undulating vale where Christiania is built, commanding a magnificent view of Christiania Fjord with its countless islets dotting the placid surface of the water. As the boundary betwixt Norway and Sweden lies a few miles east of the summit of Ekeberg, and as there was a perpetual feud between the two nations in the olden times, this mountain was the scene of many a bloody fray. The Swedes, marching westward, planted their cannon upon the vantage ground

of Ekeberg, and (as a Norwegian graphically phrased it to me) "peppered the poor folk of Oslo" in a merciless manner. There is much in the history of these local battles that recalls the Border raids and forays in our own country; and the Norwegians even to this day regard the Swedes in the same suspicious way that the Scots of former times looked upon "oure auld innemys of England." The natural result of this persistent warfare was that the town of Oslo was frequently destroyed, the log-built houses not being calculated to resist either fire or artillery. For centuries, however, Oslo was privileged to rise, phoenix-like, from its ashes; and even now there is a timber dwelling of very ancient date, which has quite a romantic history attached to it. It was the chosen retreat of the bloodthirsty tyrant, Christiern II. (1513-1523), and here he resided with his mistress, Columbul, during the only happy period of his stormy reign. It is supposed that he sought refuge in this weather-beaten old building after his deposition, until he could arrange his escape to Flanders. There is every probability that this is almost the only remaining fragment of the Oslo which James VI. saw, as the town was devastated by fire in 1624. It was in the succeeding year that Christiern IV. ordered the inhabitants to build their houses further away from Ekeberg and nearer to the fortress of Akershus, and thus the town was founded which was named Christiania after the king.

A single glance at Oslo Kirke was sufficient to show me that it could not be identified with Tytler's mythical "Church of Upsal" where the marriage of James VI. is said to have been celebrated. It is a plain, oblong, wooden structure, rough-cast on the outside, with curious doors broken through the side-wall facing the street, at odd intervals, and giving access to different parts of the area, and to a stair leading to the end loft or gallery. It is quite a typical example of the barn-like erections which our forefathers built in Scotland a hundred years

ago, and dedicated to the most sacred uses. Inquiries of the verger, who, by the way, is called, in homely Scottish fashion, "the bedell," brought out the fact that this is the third kirk that has occupied the site, its predecessors having been burned or destroyed by the Swedes. It was built in 1796, more than two hundred years after the bridal of King James. There are still preserved within its walls some of the popish vestments that were worn by the Bishops of Oslo before the tyrant Christiern II. had decided to foster "the Lutheran Heresy," and these I had the privilege of examining; but they did not bring me nearer the end I had in view, though it is very probable that these voiceless garments were at the royal ceremony. In the quaint old cemetery situated on the opposite side of the Ekeberg Veien from Oslo Kirke there is a tombstone which marks the last resting-place of a renowned Englishman, whose name is still a household word throughout our land. Bradshaw — not the regicide, who sleeps in an unhonored grave by the shores of the Lake of Geneva, but Bradshaw, the deviser of the Railway Guide which has been alike a treasure and a torment to myriads of tourists — rests peacefully in this strange, back-of-the-world graveyard, having died suddenly at Oslo, of cholera, many years ago. Immediately adjoining the kirke there is a building that once was a famous nunnery, but was converted after the Reformation into a kind of secular institution of the same sort, and is still a refuge for indigent females. Interesting as were all these places in themselves, I could not but feel that I had been on a wild-goose chase, and I returned to Christiania somewhat crestfallen.

Every critical reader will tell me that my next move should have been my first step in this search; and whilst I sorrowfully admit the charge, let me plead, in extenuation, that I was misled by Tytler, for whom I have always had a very profound reverence. It seemed now the wisest plan for me to learn what the *Samtidig Beretning den Prindsesse Anna, Christian den 4des Sys-*

ters Giftermaal med Kong Jakob den 6te af Scotland og hendes paafolgende Kroning had to say about the locality of this ceremony. From that most interesting document I learned that the marriage did not take place in the church at all, but in the *Gamle Bispegaard*, or old Bishop's Palace of the time. Here I was shunted on to a new line of research, and perennial hope sprang up in my breast once more. With the aid of the ever-courteous Mr. Bennett, the tourist's friend, who has long been resident in Christiania, I discovered that this house was still in existence, and had been transformed some forty years ago into a splendid mansion-house, now known as the *Ladegaard*. Accompanied by a Scottish friend from the British Consulate, I set out in search of the Bishop's Palace, and soon discovered the mansion. It is situated at the corner of Bispe Gade (Bishop Street) and Oslo Gade, nearly equi-distant from Oslo Kirke and Oslo Havn. From the first glimpse of the exterior one might readily conclude that it would be the last place where a historian would expect to find traces of a royal marriage having been celebrated within its walls three hundred years ago. The eastern wing of the mansion has been modernized, large square windows have been inserted, a graceful, modern, exterior staircase gives access to the main entrance, and the front elevation has been decorated in a manner that to the antiquary looks painfully new. But there are traces still remaining in the western wing that show very completely the style of the building at the time the nuptial ceremony was performed. The building is in three flats. The ground floor was reserved for kitchen and offices; the first floor contained the great hall and withdrawing-room, and the upper flat was utilized for suites of bedrooms. It was thus constructed exactly on the same plan as the Scottish castles of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The wall of the ground floor is set back about four feet from the line of the wall of the flats above, and a colonnade of strong timber pillars has been placed along the whole

frontage by which the projecting portion of the upper part of the building was supported. There was thus a covered piazza running around the whole mansion on the ground level, precisely similar to those found in old Scottish urban mansions, such as Gibson's Land in Glasgow, and Our Lady Wark in Dundee. By the alterations made about a century ago on the eastern wing, this colonnade has been obliterated, and the space of the piazza has been absorbed into the building by simply carrying the line of the wall from the projecting upper floors to the ground. There is a sufficient portion of the old plan left, however, to show the original method of construction.

On entering the main doorway the visitor finds himself in a square vestibule, with doors to right and left, leading respectively to the east and west wings, and a narrow timber staircase giving access to the upper flat. The vestibule is decorated with four large oil-paintings, in low-relief rococo frames devised in the style of sixteenth-century art, the subjects being quasi-classical. One of these represents an obese and fatuous Venus attended by a most villainous-looking satyr; another shows a procession of sportive and well-fed cupids; the third is a very original design for a fountain, conceived with an artistic disregard for the first principles of hydrostatics; and the fourth is a group of nymphs and satyrs belonging to the pre-Sartorial period. Herr Konow, the present proprietor of the Ladegaard, who is an enthusiastic student of history, says that the consistent tradition regarding these pictures, is that they were brought from Copenhagen to decorate the Bishop's Palace while it was the residence of the Princess Anna, and there seems no good reason for doubting this statement. The marriage ceremony took place in the great hall in the eastern wing, as will be found from the contemporary description quoted below.

Apart from its interest as the scene of the wedding of a Scottish king, the Ladegaard has a curious history of its

own. One portion of the mansion is of unknown antiquity. Immediately under the great hall there is a curious crypt chapel built of hewn stone, which was probably erected about the same time as the town of Oslo was founded, circa 1050. It has been identified as the Kirke of St. Halvard, which was in existence in 1138, when the battle of Oslo was fought between Eric IV. of Denmark and Magnus of Norway, which resulted in the overthrow of the latter, and his mutilation and life-long imprisonment by his captor. This crypt is about forty feet by thirty-eight feet within the walls. It is curiously divided into four compartments by strongly built stone walls traversing the interior at right angles, and meeting in a square central pillar measuring seventy centimetres. These walls have been pierced with archways, and by covering these openings with curtains it would be possible to transform the chapel into four separate oratories. The roofs of these four compartments are barrel-vaulted, and the walls rise nine feet to the spring of the arch, the height from floor to apex being eighteen feet. The place was lighted by two windows in the eastern wall, each measuring two metres sixty centimetres, and by an arrow-slit window near the south-western corner; while a recess at the north-west corner was probably an ambry for holding the sacred elements and the priestly robes, or may have been used on occasion as an open fireplace. A curious circular opening about one inch in diameter pierces the vaulting and opens into the great hall, and may have been a kind of *meatus auditorius* by which the bishop might hear if his subordinates misconducted themselves in his absence. The floor of the chapel is below the ground-level, and a short flight of steps led down to it. Around this structure the residence of the bishop gradually grew until the Kirke of St. Halvard became merely a private chapel. When the Kirke of Oslo was built at the base of the Ekeberg, a subterranean passage was made from the Bispegaard to the sacred edifice, — at least such has long been the

accepted local tradition, though the passage has not been discovered.

At the time of the Reformation the Bispegaard was confiscated and annexed, with other Church property, to the crown, and though it became the residence of the Lutheran bishop, it was held by tenure from the king, and in 1589 was occupied by Kristen Mule, the burgomaster. This accounts, to some extent, for its having been chosen as the temporary home of the Princess Anna while she lived in Oslo, since there was no other royal dwelling in the locality. Frederick IV., who reigned from 1700 till 1730, sold the property to one of the nobles at his court, but after he had signed the deed and obtained the purchase-money he repented of his bargain, and destroyed the document, and the price was not refunded to the would-be purchaser until after litigation protracted over two years. The name of the Bispegaard was transferred to the new Bishop's Palace, which was erected after the Reformation at a short distance to the north-east, at the corner of St. Halvard's Gade and Egedes Gade, and is still the residence of the bishop. The old palace then came to be known as the Ladegaard. In 1814 the widow of a Norwegian general was proprietrix of a ship which the government of the time urgently required, and the crown property of the Ladegaard was transferred to her in exchange for the vessel. Since that time it has passed through the hands of various private proprietors.

Having settled satisfactorily the locality where the marriage took place, I returned to Christiania University to study the "Contemporary Account" of it. While strolling through the archaeological department in the University Museum, Professor Rygh, the accomplished curator, directed my attention to a curious relic of the royal visit to Norway. It is an oblong wooden tablet, twelve inches by nine inches or thereby, with an inscription in gold letters on a black ground. Three hundred years ago it was affixed to a pew in the old Marien Kirke of Tönsberg to com-

memorate the sojourn of James VI. in that ancient burgh. Tönsberg contests with Bergen the honor of being the oldest town in Norway. It was certainly a thriving place in the time of Harold Haarfagra, and continued to prosper until 1536, when a terrible conflagration destroyed the greater part of the town, and it had not regained its importance when King James visited it fifty years later. The old Marien Kirke, in which the king worshipped during his stay there, was a boulder-built structure of unknown antiquity. It survived the assaults of time for many centuries, but had at length to go down before the march of progress and civilization. It seems that about twenty years ago the civic rulers found the market-place too small for their requirements, and as the old kirke encroached upon the space, these Wise Men of Gotham determined to remove it. The walls that had withstood the shock of many a fierce storm could not resist the blasting powder and dynamite which it was found necessary to use for the separation of the firmly cemented stones; and the Marien Kirke became a thing of the past. The market-place was enlarged, a modern architectural atrocity took the position of the venerable old kirke, the burgomaster and the corporation moved unanimous votes of thanks to each other, and the Tönsbergers have been happy ever after. Fortunately this little painted wooden board was preserved to record an incident in the life of the Scottish king which has hitherto been unknown. The quaint old inscription is as follows:—

Anno 1589, S. Martens dag som vor den xi dag Novemb. som da kom paa een Tisdag kom Høyborne Förste och Herre Herr Jakob Stuart Konning udi Skotland hid til byen: Och den 23 Sondag efter Trinitatis som vor den 16 dag Novemb: stoid Hans Raade udi denne Stoel och hörde Skotsk Prædicken aff den 23 psalme "Herren er min hyrde etc." Huilken M. David Lenz Prædicant udi Lith da prædikede emellom 10 och 12.

Anno 1589, St. Martin's day, which was the 11th day of November, and fell upon Tuesday, came the high-born Prince and

Lord, James Stuart, King of Scotland, to this town, and on the 23rd Sunday after Trinity, which was the 16th of November, his Grace was sitting in this pew and heard a Scottish sermon preached from the 23rd Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd, etc.," which Magister David Lindsay, Minister in Leith, preached between 10 and 12.

But for this interesting relic and for the confirmation of it afforded by the "Contemporary Account" of the marriage, we should never have known that King James spent a week in the old town of Tönsberg, and endured a two-hours' sermon from the respected minister of Leith. It is probable that the king resided at the mansion of Jarlsberg, Hovedgaard, an ancient royal residence about half a mile from Tönsberg, as his portrait, painted at the time, still adorns its walls.

The document which throws most light upon the incidents of the marriage was not unknown to some of the Norwegian historians. The late P. A. Munch (1810-1863) who was one of the founders of the modern school of Scandinavian historians, transcribed and edited the manuscript in 1851, for one of the volumes of the "Norske Samlinger" (Vol. I., pp. 450-512), and O. A. Overland alludes to it in the "Illustreret Norges Historie" upon which he is at present engaged. The following details are translated principally from the account which Herr Overland supplied to me, with some additional particulars of the journey of the king derived from other sources in Christiania. So far as I am aware the incident has never been hitherto related by any Scottish historian with the same fulness of detail :—

In order to treat with Scotland about the redemption of the Norwegian colonies of Orkney and Shetland, which islands were pledged in security for the dowry of King Christian the First's daughter, Margarita, a Danish embassy, consisting of Manderus Parsberg, Nils Belov, and Dr. Nicolaus Theophilus arrived in Edinburgh in 1564. Every one knew, however, that such could not be the only object of their mission. Where should the Danish-Norwegian

government get sufficient money for that purpose? Everywhere it was rumored that their principal errand was to ask in marriage the hand of the Scottish king, James VI., who at that time was eighteen years of age, for Elizabeth, the daughter of Frederick II. That the rumor spoke the truth is sure enough; but the Danish king and his diplomatists had counted without reckoning Queen Elizabeth of England, who was much occupied with Scottish affairs, whether in connection with a Catholic power, or with the most powerful of the Protestant courts—that of Denmark and Norway. She had managed to obtain the promise of the Scottish chancellor, Lord Arran, that he would prevent the Scottish king from being married until he reached his majority and had attained the age of twenty-one years. Queen Elizabeth did, consequently, not object to the coldness shown the Danish Embassy both by the Scottish populace and aristocracy; and the Danes left the country in anger, after having broken the negotiations with the Scottish court, threatening that the Danish king would certainly look upon the contempt with which they were treated as a personal insult. That this menace was not quite empty is shown by the fact that shortly afterwards the Princess Elizabeth was betrothed to Henry, Duke of Braunschweig.

Already before King James VI. had reached his majority, he had succeeded in throwing off the yoke of Lord Arran, and although he did not altogether free himself from the influence of Queen Elizabeth, he refused to accept as bride the lady she had chosen for him, viz., a Princess of Navarre, and he was inclined more than ever towards the Danish court, possibly owing to the debt in which Scotland was involved with that country. After repeated treaties about the marriage, and after the father of the Princess Anna (who was the second daughter of Frederick II.) had ultimately given his consent to a union, King James sent his lord-marshal, Count Keith, to Denmark, with a splendid suite, to arrange the

marriage contract. He arrived at Copenhagen in August, 1589, and the Danish court, which had at first treated the project very coldly, became anxious enough as soon as the Scottish deputation landed. Frederick II. had died in the April of the preceding year, and the arrangements devolved upon the dowager queen, who set about preparing the outfit for the bride. Her time was entirely occupied with the buying of silks, bargaining with jewel-merchants, or pushing on a corps of five hundred tailors, who every day had their hands full of work in order to get the royal bridal dresses ready. So busy was every one about the court, from the highest to the lowest, that it was thought that the bride would arrive in Scotland before the king would have time even to have his wedding trousers ready, or to have a house prepared for her.

The fleet that was to convey the daughter of the Danish-Norwegian king across the sea consisted of twelve men-of-war with brass guns, under the command of Admiral Peder Munk. Its equipment was not, however, looked after by the admiral, but by the chancellor of the exchequer, the renowned Kristofer Valkendorf, who was not on the best terms with the admiral, and that the outfit was anything but what it should have been is certain enough. Shortly after the vessels had left on 1st (or 5th, according to another account) September, 1589, they were overtaken by a heavy gale, during which several of them sprung a leak and could only be kept afloat by excessive pumping, and some of the ships were driven out of their course. After a long battle with contrary winds the vessels were carried to the west coast of Norway, where they ran for shelter into Flekkerø, and remained there for six days. As the time seemed very long for them, in order to relieve the tedium Admiral Peder Munk gave a grand party. After this sojourn here he again set sail, but with no more luck. The vessels met with a succession of gales and contrary weather, and when at last the vessel on board which the royal bride

was accommodated sprung a leak, they had again to run into Flekkerø to have the ship repaired. The princess went ashore here and took lodgings at a farm. After the vessel had been put in order the fleet again set sail, but with the same result as before. For the third time they had to put back to Flekkerø. The admiral then grew tired of the whole affair, and resolved to return home again with the princess. The Scottish envoy, however, would not listen to this. He got it arranged that the princess should proceed to Oslo and remain there during the winter. The fleet then separated, three vessels accompanying the princess in her voyage along the Norwegian coast, while the larger portion returned to Copenhagen. On the way to Oslo the royal convoy called at Jomfruland (by Arendal), Langesund, and Sandefjord.

At last, on 25th October at three o'clock in the afternoon, the royal cortege arrived at Oslo, after having been fifty days on the voyage from Copenhagen, and her Royal Grace was received with the most humble respect and reverence. Congregated on the quay were all the people of quality from Oslo and the neighborhood. Besides the clergy of the district, there were also the viceroy and commander of the Fortress of Akershus, Axel Gyldenstjerne, Ove Juel of Kieldgaard, the commander of Bratsberg County, Hans Pedersen of Sem, and Peder Iversen of Fritzs and Brunla, while among the ladies were the Hon. Karen Gyldenstjerne, Dame Anna Skinckel (Hans Pedersen's wife), Dame Margrethe Brede (wife of Peder Iversen), Dame Dorrete Juel, and Miss Ulfried, sister of the Hon. Peder Iversen, who all had the honor of shaking hands with the princess the moment she landed at the quay. The citizens were all placed along the street, each one bearing his gun. The princess was conveyed to the old Bispegaard at Oslo, and as she entered the Bishop's Palace the citizens fired their guns, as an offering of their deepest respect and most humble salutation. At five o'clock the princess said good-night, and retired to her rooms, and the viceroy Gylden-

stjerne accompanied the Scottish delegate, Count Keith, to his lodgings with Andrew the Tailor, who was afterwards burgomaster of Oslo.

As soon as the Danish squadron had arrived at Copenhagen, a dispute arose between the admiral, Peder Munk, and the chancellor of the exchequer, Kristofer Valkendorf, which was only settled in a court of law in 1590. Peder Munk, who was ill-pleased with the bad character given him in consequence of the unsuccessful voyage of the fleet, wished to accuse Valkendorf, who had the supervision of the fleet and of the royal ship-building yards, of incompetence and carelessness in the execution of his duties. Valkendorf blamed the skippers, and the carpenters and workmen would likely have had to suffer had not some old women come to their assistance. The latter confessed that by witchcraft they had brought about the mishap to the fleet. One of them called Karen Weaver stated that she had sent her messenger "Langvinus," accompanied by two imps, named "Pil Horseshoe" and "Pretty" (*Pil-Heftesko og Smuk*), after the fleet, hidden in an empty beer-barrel, and these creatures had held fast the keels of the vessels and kept them back. The court ultimately refused to take this evidence, and the case was dismissed.

The princess felt her detention in Oslo to be tedious and irksome. She endured it for six days, but then she could bear it no longer, and resolved to return home to Denmark. Unlooked-for news reached her now. A message came from King James VI. bringing letters stating that he, on 3rd November, had arrived in Norway with five vessels. His Majesty had also been forced to take shelter at Flekkerø, and had gone ashore and taken lodgings at the same farm where the princess had resided when there shortly before. On the 7th of November he set sail from Flekkerø, and on the following day arrived at Jomfruland, where the vessels took to the open sea, ran into Langesund, and went from there to Tönsberg, where he stayed six nights. From Tönsberg the king continued his

journey overland to Sande, Lier, and Asker. At the latter place he was met by the viceroy, Axel Gyldenstjerne, with the Danish, Norwegian, and Scottish nobility, who accompanied the king to Oslo, where he made his entrance on the 19th of November, 1589, at four o'clock in the afternoon. The king was then a tall, thin gentleman, with deep-set eyes, and when he arrived he was dressed in a red velvet coat ornamented with gold pieces, and a black velvet cloak lined with sable fur. The escort, preceded by heralds, conducted the king to the old Bispegaard where the princess resided. As soon as the king perceived his bride he sprang towards her and offered to kiss her, but she refused this courtesy at first as not being the Danish custom. They spent about half an hour together, and during this time the bishop, Jens Nilsen, and the whole of the clergy stood outside the house of Andrew the Tailor, where the king was to lodge, awaiting the arrival of his Majesty. When the king came to the spot where the bishop was standing he stopped, and the bishop stood forth and gave him his hand in the most respectful manner, and pronounced a short oration in Latin, in which he wished his Majesty all prosperity. The king uncovered his head, and then placed his hat on his head again, and noted carefully what the bishop said. When the oration was finished his Majesty again took his hat off and shook the bishop by the hand, and thanked him most respectfully. He also exchanged compliments with the burgomaster, Oluf Glad.

On the 23rd of November, 1589, the marriage of the king and the Princess Anna was celebrated in the Ladegaard, Kristen Mule's house, with as much pomp and ceremony as the times and place could afford. The grand hall of the house was ornamented with expensive carpets. On the floor of the innermost part of the hall there was spread a red cloth, on which were placed two royal chairs covered with red damask and furnished with red velvet cushions, intended for the exalted bridal pair. At two o'clock in the afternoon

the Danish-Norwegian nobility went in procession to the house of Andrew the Tailor to fetch the king. With him in the centre they returned to Kristen Mule's house, where they were received at the entrance with flourishes of trumpets. The suite then entered the hall, and the king, passing through them, went forward and stood on the red cloth, with his arms akimbo (*med begge Hænderne udi Siden*). Immediately afterwards the bride appeared and placed herself at his side. The ceremony commenced with *musica oralis*, but very short, and then the royal court preacher, David Lindsay, minister at Leith, whom the king had brought over with him, delivered the marriage speech in French. After this short sermon was finished and they had mutually pledged their love and faith in marriage, they joined hands, and the blessing was pronounced, with a short prayer that the Almighty, in whose name they had been joined, would bestow all spiritual and bodily blessings on them, and that the marriage would, to the honor of his holy name, prove a blessing both for themselves and for the two countries. After this part of the ceremony was finished the Bishop of Oslo, Jens Nilsen, stood forth and delivered an admonitory sermon in Danish, treating of marriage and its significance in the Christian life. The whole ceremony was completed by the singing of a hymn, after which the newly wedded queen with her ladies and maids-of-honor, left the hall. Coming forward, the bishop, Jens Nilsen, saluted the king in a Latin congratulatory speech, to which the king replied, *Hoc scio te ex corde precari*, and the chancellor, who stood by his side, said, *Certe ex corde precatur*, and the king added, *Hoc lubens accipio*, after which he left with his suite. The whole ceremony lasted about one hour.

During the month succeeding the marriage the royal pair remained in Oslo, spending the time in festivity. Two days after the wedding the bishop gave a grand party to the clergymen of the court of the king and queen, and the same night the king gave a banquet

to the Scottish noblemen. Eight days after the marriage a party consisting of fifty Scotsmen set out for Tönsberg, and going on board their ships, which had been laid up in the harbor there, set sail for Scotland. On 3rd December, the king, with his attendants, accompanied the Danish noblemen on a hunting expedition to the Island of Hovedoen (the Head Island, about one mile from Oslo) which was preserved as a hunting-ground for the viceroy; and amongst the noble Danes of the party were Steen Brahe, Axel Gyldenstjerne, Henning Gjöløye, and Ove Juel. When not engaged in festivities the king and queen spent most of their time in gambling, both of them being passionate card-players. On one occasion Bishop Jens Nilsen was kept waiting for more than an hour before he was admitted to an audience to which he had been summoned, as no one dared to interrupt the play.

While the king remained at Oslo the bishop had especially ingratiated himself with him, and was held in high esteem for his great knowledge. On 16th December the king sent two gilded silver dishes as a present to the bishop; and on another occasion he sent his portrait sculptured on a gold piece. When the bishop thanked the king for all his kindness, his Majesty drank to him in a cup of wine, and when he had filled it and emptied it a second time he presented the cup to the bishop—an act of generosity such as he had never been known to do before.

The departure of the royal couple from Oslo took place on the 22nd of December. Already in the early morning a multitude of people had gathered in order to bid good-bye to the stranger king and his noble wife. Some time had to elapse before the cortege could depart, as besides the suite of Scottish noblemen, the viceroy, Axel Gyldenstjerne, also had to join the company. At last everything was ready for the departure when at eight o'clock the sun showed himself above the Ekeberg. As they were about to start the king stood up in his sledge and bade the people good-bye both in the Scots and the

Danish language. Soon the party had left the town of Oslo behind them. The route led them through Smaalenene and into Baahuslen (which then belonged to Norway). Nothing remarkable occurred until they arrived at Quille in Baahuslen. Here a disciple of Luther, the old, blind Gjedda (*Gædda*) was parish minister, while one of his sons acted as his assistant. Gjedda, who wore a long white beard, was with difficulty moved to go up and pay his compliments to the exalted guests; but as soon as the king saw him he showed so little respect to the old man that he began to laugh at him. "Dear sir," exclaimed the aged priest, "now I see I have lived too long." He asked to be led out of the hall, and never left his room again till the royal guests had departed. On the 29th of December the travellers arrived at the mansion of Holme, where the nobleman Peter Bagge resided. Here Henry Gyldenstjerne, commander of Baahus, met the royal party. The limited accommodation of the lonely mansion house was insufficient for the large company. Korfit Wiffert, commander of Malmöhus, Jorgen Brahe, governor of Landskrona, and Sten Bilde, were lodged in the room called the "Earth-parlor," and in the large hall of the mansion there were twenty-six beds prepared for the Scottish gentlemen. The journey was continued on the following day through Uddevalla to Baahus Castle, where the travellers arrived about dinner time on New Year's day, 1590, and remained for several days.

On Sunday, 4th January, there were delivered three different sermons in the castle—one in German for the Princess Anna; one in Danish for the commander and the Danish noblemen, by Michael Jenssøn Bartse, parish priest of the place; and one in Scottish for King James and his followers. When the Danish service began, the commander of Baahus, Henry Gyldenstjerne, went up to the altar and told Michael to preach as short a sermon as possible on the Gospel for the day, and this order was obeyed. After the sermon was delivered, however, he was

much shocked when the commander, without warning, ordered the wax candles to be removed from the altar, as the Scottish Presbyterians looked upon them as an abominable sign of popery. In very humble words the minister remonstrated that this act, according to his view, was a breach of the Lutheran freedom of religion. The commander, however, paid no attention to these remonstrances. As soon as the king's chair was placed and other preparations finished, the king and his court entered the kirke, but without proper order or any distinction of person. It was specially noted that the king himself did not remove his hat or put it on again, but got one of his pages to do it. After the services were finished dinner was served, and at the table the toasts of the king, the queen, and some other noble persons were drunk, each toast accompanied with six cannon shots. The signals for going to and from the table were given by buglers. The night was spent in dancing and gaiety. It had originally been arranged to start from Baahus the following day—Holy Three Kings' day—but a heavy snow-storm prevented the departure, and the queen was very unwell. The departure was then postponed till the day after, although the weather was very bad and the queen still indisposed. But the commander had his own reasons for hurrying on the departure. At noon the guests left the castle, the king driving in a sledge covered with black velvet and adorned with silver nails, and drawn by two chestnut-colored young horses; the queen in a reclining position in another sledge, while the cannons on the walls of the castle thundered the last good-bye from Norway. The borders were soon reached, and here a Swedish escort consisting of six hundred well-equipped horsemen met the royal travellers and accompanied the party to Holland, where they put up at Vardberg Castle. After a lengthened stay here they passed into Denmark.

It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the value of this "Contemporary Account," or to point out that it gives us a curi-

ously intimate glimpse of an episode in the life of James VI. which has hitherto been very obscure. The historian acquainted with the records of the Privy Council will readily recognize the Steno Brahe and Apil Gudlingstarre, who were specially rewarded by presents of silver vessels out of the king's own "copburde," as the Steen Brahe and Axel Gyldenstjerne who figure so prominently in this story. It is interesting also to note that the charter whereby the king granted Dunfermline Abbey and lands to the queen as a "morrowing-gift" was dated from the Castle of Croneberg; and that this Steen Brahe came to Scotland to take possession of these and other lands for her Majesty, and remained for some time in this country. That King James really enjoyed this highly festive trip may be assumed from the narrative. The letter which he wrote to Alexander, Lord Spynie, "from the Castel of Croneberg, where we are drinking and driving ower in the auld manner," is well known. It was probably after a heavy night of festivity that he wrote another letter (quoted by Calderwood) to Robert Bruce, in which, referring to his return, he says: "I behoved to come home like a drunken man amongst them, as the prophet sayeth; which would weill keepe decorum in comming out of so drunken a countrie as this is." Possibly "the Scot abroad" who wanders to Christiania will spare a brief hour to visit the Ladegaard, and see the place where the wedding of the son of Queen Mary and the father of Charles I. was celebrated.

A. H. MILLAR.

From Chambers' Journal.
THE WRONG BLACK BAG.

BY ANGELO LEWIS.
AUTHOR OF "THE WIZARD'S TOWER," ETC.

It was the eve of Good-Friday. Within the modest parlor of No. 13 Primrose Terrace, a little man, wearing a grey felt hat and a red necktie, stood admiring himself in the looking-glass over the mantelpiece. Such a state of

things anywhere else would have had no significance whatever. But circumstances proverbially alter cases. At 13 Primrose Terrace it approached the dimensions of a portent.

Not to keep the reader in suspense, the little man was Benjamin Quelch, clerk in the office of Messrs. Cobble & Clink, coal-merchants, and he was about to carry out a desperate resolution. Most men have some secret ambition; Benjamin's was twofold. For years he had yearned to wear a soft felt hat, and to make a trip to Paris; and for years Fate, in the person of Mrs. Quelch, had stood in the way and prevented the indulgence of his longing. Quelch being, as we have hinted, exceptionally small of stature, had, in accordance with the mysterious law of opposites, selected the largest lady of his acquaintance as the partner of his joys. He himself was of a meek and retiring disposition. Mrs. Quelch, on the other hand, was a woman of stern and decided temperament, with strong views upon most subjects. She administered Benjamin's finances, regulated his diet, and prescribed for him when his health was out of order. Though fond of him in her own way, she ruled him with a rod of iron, and on three points she was inflexible. To make up for his insignificance of stature, she insisted on his wearing the tallest hat that money could procure, to the exclusion of all other headgear. Secondly, on the ground that it looked more "professional," she would allow him none but black silk neckties; and lastly, she would not let him smoke. She had further an intense repugnance to all things foreign, holding as an article of faith that no good thing, whether in art, cookery, or morals, was to be found on other than English soil. When Benjamin once, in a rash moment, suggested a trip to Boulogne by way of summer holiday, the suggestion was received in a manner that took away his appetite for a week afterwards.

The prohibition of smoking Quelch did not much mind; for having in his salad days made trial of a cheap cigar, the result somehow satisfied him that

tobacco was not in his line, and he ceased to yearn for it accordingly. But the tall hat and the black necktie were constant sources of irritation. He had an idea, based on his having once won a drawing prize at school, that nature had intended him for an artist, and he secretly lamented the untoward fate which had thrown him away upon coals. Now the few artists Benjamin had chanced to meet affected a soft and slouchy style of headgear, and a considerable amount of freedom, generally with a touch of color, in the region of the neck. Such, therefore, in the fitness of things, should have been the hat, and such the neckgear of Benjamin Quelch; and the veto of his wife only made him yearn for them the more intensely.

In later years he had been seized with a longing to see Paris. It chanced that a clerk in the same office, one Peter Flipp, had made one of a personally conducted party on a visit to the gay city. The cost of the trip had been but five guineas; but never, surely, were five guineas so magnificently invested. There was a good deal of romance about Flipp, and it may be that his accounts were not entirely trustworthy; but they so fired the imagination of our friend Benjamin that he had at once begun to hoard up surreptitious sixpences, with the hope that some day he, too, might, by some unforeseen combination of circumstances, be enabled to visit the enchanted city.

And at last that day had come. Mrs. Quelch, with her three children and her one domestic, had gone to Lowestoft for an Easter outing; Benjamin and a deaf charwoman, Mrs. Widger, being left in charge of the family belongings. Benjamin's Easter holidays were limited to Good Friday and Easter Monday; and as it seemed hardly worth while that he should travel so far as Lowestoft for such short periods, Mrs. Quelch had thoughtfully arranged that he should spend the former day at the British Museum, and the latter at the Zoological Gardens. Two days after her departure, however, Mr. Cobble called Quelch into his private office and

told him that, if he liked, he might for once take holiday from the Friday to the Tuesday inclusive, and join his wife at the seaside.

Quelch accepted the boon with an honest intention of employing it as suggested. Indeed, he had even begun a letter to his wife, announcing the pleasing intelligence, and had got as far as "My dear Penelope," when a wild and wicked thought struck him: Why should he not spend his unexpected holiday in Paris?

Laying down his pen, he opened his desk and counted his secret hoard. It amounted to five pounds seventeen; twelve shillings more than Flipp's outlay. There was no difficulty in that direction; and nobody would be any the wiser. His wife would imagine that he was in London, while his employers would believe him to be at Lowestoft. There was a brief struggle in his mind, but the tempter prevailed, and with a courage worthy of a better cause, he determined to risk it and go.

And thus it came to pass that, on the evening of our story, Benjamin Quelch, having completed his packing—which merely comprised what he was accustomed to call his "night-things," neatly bestowed in a small black hand-bag belonging to Mrs. Quelch—stood before the looking-glass and contemplated his guilty splendor—the red necktie and the soft, grey felt hat, purchased out of his surplus funds. He had expended a couple of guineas in a second-class return ticket, and another two pounds in "coupons," entitling him to bed, breakfast, and dinner for five days at certain specified hotels in Paris. This outlay, with half-a-crown for a pair of gloves, and a bribe of five shillings to secure the silence of Mrs. Widger, left him with little more than a pound in hand, but this small surplus would no doubt amply suffice for his modest needs.

His only regret, as he gazed at himself in the glass, was that he had not had time to grow a moustache, the one thing needed to complete his artistic appearance. But time was fleeting, and he dared not linger over the entic-

ing picture. He stole along the passage and softly opened the street door. As he did so, a sudden panic came over him, and he felt half inclined to abandon his rash design. But as he wavered, he caught sight of the detested tall hat hanging up in the passage, and he hesitated no longer. He passed out, and closing the door behind him, started at a brisk pace for Victoria Station.

His plans had been laid with much ingenuity, though at a terrible sacrifice of his usual straightforwardness. He had written a couple of letters to Mrs. Quelch, to be posted by Mrs. Widger on appropriate days, giving imaginary accounts of his visits to the British Museum and Zoological Gardens, with pointed allusions to the behavior of the elephant and other circumstantial particulars. To ensure the posting of these in proper order, he had marked the dates in pencil on the envelopes in the corner usually occupied by the postage-stamp, so that when the latter was affixed the figures would be concealed. He explained the arrangement to Mrs. Widger, who promised that his instructions should be faithfully carried out.

After a sharp walk he reached the railway station, and in due course found himself steaming across the Channel to Dieppe. The passage was not especially rough, but to poor Quelch, unaccustomed as he was to the sea, it seemed as if the boat must go to the bottom every moment. To the bodily pains of sea-sickness were added the mental pangs of remorse, and between the two he reached Dieppe more dead than alive; indeed, he would almost have welcomed death as a release from his sufferings.

Even when the boat had arrived at the pier, he still remained in the berth he had occupied all night, and would probably have continued to lie there, had not the steward lifted him by main force to his feet. He seized his black bag with a groan and staggered on deck. Here he felt a little better; but new terrors seized him at the sight of the gold-laced officials and blue-bloused porters who lined each side of the gangway, all talking at the top of their

voices, and in tones which seemed, to his unaccustomed ear, to convey a thirst for British blood. No sooner had he landed than he was accosted by a ferocious-looking personage—in truth, a harmless custom-house officer—who asked him in French whether he had anything to declare, and made a movement to take his bag in order to mark it as “passed.” Quelch jumped to the conclusion that the stranger was a brigand bent on depriving him of his property, and he held on to the bag with such tenacity that the *douanier* naturally inferred there was something specially contraband about it. He proceeded to open it, and produced—among sundry other feminine belongings—a lady’s frilled and furbelowed night-dress, from which as he unrolled it, fell a couple of bundles of cigars!

Benjamin’s look of astonishment as he saw these unexpected articles produced from his hand-bag was interpreted by the officials as a look of guilt. As a matter of fact, half stupefied by the agonies of the night, he had forgotten the precise spot where he had left his own bag, and had picked up in its stead one belonging to the wife of a sporting gentleman on his way to some races at Longchamps. Desiring to smuggle a few “weeds,” and deeming that the presence of such articles would be less likely to be suspected among a lady’s belongings, the sporting gentleman had committed them to his companion’s keeping. Handbags, as a rule, are “passed” unopened, and such would probably have been the case in the present instance had not Quelch’s look of panic excited suspicion. The real owners of the bag had picked up Quelch’s, which it precisely resembled, and were close behind him on the gangway. The lady uttered an exclamation of dismay as she saw the contents of her bag spread abroad by the customs officer, but was promptly silenced by her husband. “Keep your blessed tongue quiet,” he whispered. “If a bloomin’ idiot chooses to sneak our bag, and then to give himself away to the first man that looks at him, he must stand the racket.” Whereupon the

sporting gentleman and lady, first taking a quiet peep into Benjamin's bag to make sure that it contained nothing compromising, passed the examiner with a smile of conscious innocence, and, after an interval for refreshment at the buffet, took their seats in the train for Paris.

Meanwhile poor Quelch was taken before a pompous individual with an extra large moustache and a double allowance of gold lace on his cap, and charged not only with defrauding the revenue, but with forcibly resisting an officer in the execution of his duty. The accusation being in French, Quelch did not understand a word of it, and in his ignorance took it for granted that he was accused of stealing the strange bag and its contents. Visions of imprisonment, penal servitude, nay, even capital punishment, floated before his bewildered brain. Finally, the official with the large moustache made a speech to him in French, setting forth that for his dishonest attempt to smuggle he must pay a fine of a hundred francs. With regard to the assault on the official, as said official was not much hurt, he graciously agreed to throw that in and make no charge for it. When he had fully explained matters to his own satisfaction, he waited to receive the answer of the prisoner; but none was forthcoming, for the best of reasons. It finally dawned on the official that Quelch might not understand French, and he therefore proceeded to address him in what he considered to be his native tongue.

"You smoggle; smoggle seegar. Zen it must zat you pay amende, hundred francs. You me understand? Hundred francs—Pay! Pay! Pay!" At each repetition of the last word he brought down a dirty fist into the palm of the opposite hand, immediately under Quelch's nose. "Hundred francs—Engleesh money, four pound."

Quelch caught the last words, and was relieved to find that it was merely a money payment that was demanded of him. But he was little better off, for having but a few shillings in his pocket, to pay four pounds was as much out of

his power as if it had been four hundred. He determined to appeal to the mercy of his captors. "Not got," he said apologetically, with a vague idea that by speaking very elementary English he came somehow nearer to French. "That all," he continued, producing his little store, and holding it out beseechingly to the official. "*Pas assez, not enoff,*" growled the latter. Quelch tried again in all his pockets, but only succeeded in finding another threepenny piece. The officer shook his head, and after a brief discussion with his fellows, said: "*Comment-vous appelez-vous, monsieur?* How do you call yourself?"

With a vague idea of keeping his disgrace from his friends, Quelch rashly determined to give a false name. If he had had a few minutes to think it over, he would have invented one for the occasion, but his imagination was not accustomed to such sudden calls, and on the question being repeated, he desperately gave the name of his next-door neighbor, Mr. Henry Fladgate. "Henri Flod-gett," repeated the officer as he wrote it down. "*Et vous demeurez?* You live, where?" And Quelch proceeded to give the address of Mr. Fladgate, 11 Primrose Terrace. "*Très bien. I send teleg-r-r-amine. Au violon!*" And poor Benjamin was ignominiously marched to the local police station.

Meanwhile, Quelch's arrangements at home were scarcely working as he had intended. The estimable Mrs. Widger, partly by reason of her deafness and partly of native stupidity, had only half understood his instructions about the letters. She knew she was to stamp them, and she knew she was to post them; but the dates in the corners might have been Runic inscriptions for any idea they conveyed to her obfuscated intellect. Accordingly, the first time she visited her usual house of call, which was early on the morning of Good Friday, she proceeded, in her own language, to "get the dratted things off her mind" by dropping them both into the nearest pillar-box.

On the following day, therefore, Mrs. Quelch at Lowestoft was surprised to find on the breakfast table *two* letters in her Benjamin's handwriting. Her surprise was still greater when, on opening them, she found one to be a graphic account of a visit to the Zoological Gardens on the following Monday. The conclusion was obvious. Either Benjamin had turned prophet, and had somehow got ahead of the almanac, or he was "carrying on" in some very underhand manner. Mrs. Quelch decided for the latter alternative, and determined to get to the bottom of the matter at once. She cut a sandwich, put on her bonnet, and grasping her umbrella in a manner which boded no good to any one who stayed her progress, started by the next train for Liverpool Street.

On reaching home, she extracted from the weeping Widger, who had just been spending the last of Benjamin's five shillings, and was far gone in depression and gin-and-water, that her "good gentleman" had not been home since Thursday night. This was bad enough; but there was still more conclusive evidence that he was up to no good in the shape of his tall hat, which hung, a silent accuser, on the last peg in the passage.

Having pumped Mrs. Widger till there was no more (save tears) to be pumped out of her, Mrs. Quelch, still firmly grasping her umbrella, proceeded next door, on the chance that her neighbor, Mrs. Fladgate, might be able to give her some information. She found Mrs. Fladgate weeping in the parlor with an open telegram before her. Being a woman who did not stand upon ceremony, she read the telegram, which was dated from Dieppe, and ran as follows: "Monsieur Fladgate here detained for to have smuggle cigars. Fine to pay, one hundred franc. Send money, and he will be release."

"Oh! the men, the men!" ejaculated Mrs. Quelch, as she dropped into an armchair. "They're all alike. First Benjamin, and now Fladgate! I shouldn't wonder if they had gone off together."

"You don't mean to say Mr. Quelch has gone too?" sobbed Mrs. Fladgate.

"He has taken a shameful advantage of my absence. He has not been home since Thursday evening, and his hat is hanging up in the hall."

"You don't think he has been m-m-murdered?"

"I'm not afraid of *that*," replied Mrs. Quelch. "It wouldn't be worth anybody's while. But what has he got on his head? that's what I want to know. Of course, if he's with Mr. Fladgate in some foreign den of iniquity, that accounts for it."

"Don't foreigners wear hats?" inquired Mrs. Fladgate innocently.

"Not the respectable English sort, I'll be bound," replied Mrs. Quelch. "Some outlandish rubbish, I dare say. But I thought Mr. Fladgate was on his Scotch journey." (Mr. Fladgate, it should be stated, was a traveller in the oil and color line.)

"So he is. I mean, so he ought to be. In fact, I expected him home to-day. But now he's in p-p-prison; and I may never see him any m-mo-more." And Mrs. Fladgate wept afresh.

"Stuff and nonsense!" retorted Mrs. Quelch. "You've only to send the money they ask for, and they'll be glad enough to get rid of him. But I wouldn't hurry; I'd let him wait a bit—you'll see him soon enough, never fear."

The prophecy was fulfilled sooner than the prophet expected. Scarcely were the words out of her mouth when a cab was heard to draw up at the door, and a moment later Fladgate himself, a big, jovial man, wearing a white hat very much on one side, entered the room, and threw a bundle of rugs on the sofa.

"Home again, old girl, and glad of it! Mornin', Mrs. Quelch," said the new-comer.

Mrs. Fladgate gazed at him doubtfully for a moment, and then flung her arms round his neck, ejaculating, "Saved, saved!"

"Martha," said Mrs. Quelch reprovingly, "have you no self-respect? Is

this the way you deal with so shameful a deception?" Then, turning to the supposed offender: "So, Mr. Fladgate, you have escaped from your foreign prison."

"Foreign how much? Have you both gone dotty, ladies? I've just escaped from a third-class carriage on the London and North-western. The space is limited, but I never heard it called a foreign prison."

"It is useless to endeavor to deceive us," said Mrs. Quelch sternly. "Look at that telegram, Mr. Fladgate, and deny it if you can. You have been gadding about in some vile foreign place with my misguided husband."

"Oh, Quelch is in it too, is he? Then it *must* be a bad case. But let's see what we have been up to, for, 'pon my word, I'm quite in the dark at present."

He held out his hand for the telegram, and read it carefully. "Somebody's been having a lark with you, old lady," he said to his wife. "You know well enough where I've been; my regular northern journey, and nowhere else."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Mrs. Quelch; "you men are all alike; deceivers every one of you."

"Much obliged for your good opinion, Mrs. Quelch. I had no idea Quelch was such a bad lot. But so far as I am concerned, the thing's easily tested. Here is the bill for my bed last night at Carlisle. Now, if I was in Carlisle, and larking about at Dieppe at the same time, perhaps you'll kindly explain how I managed it."

Mrs. Quelch was staggered, but not convinced. "But if—if you were at Carlisle, where is Benjamin, and what does this telegram mean?"

"Not being a wizard, I really can't say. But concerning Quelch, we shall find him, never fear. When did he disappear?"

Mrs. Quelch told her story, not forgetting the mysterious letter.

"I think I see daylight," said Fladgate. "The party who has got into that mess is Quelch, and being frightened out of his wits, he has given my

name instead of his own. That's about the size of it!"

"But Benjamin doesn't smoke. And how should he come to be at Dieppe?"

"Went for a holiday, I suppose. As for smoking, I shouldn't have thought he was up to it; but with that sat-upon sort of man—begging your pardon, Mrs. Quelch—you never know where he may break out. Worms will turn, you know, and sometimes they take a wrong turning."

"But Benjamin would never dare —"

"That's just it. He daren't do anything when you've got your eye on him. When you haven't, perhaps he may, and perhaps he mayn't. The fact is, you hold up his head too tight, and if he jibs now and then, you can't wonder at it."

"You have a very coarse way of putting things, Mr. Fladgate. Mr. Quelch is not a horse, that I am aware of."

"We won't quarrel about the animal, my dear madam, but you may depend upon it my solution's right. A hardened villain, like myself, say, would never have got into such a scrape; but Quelch don't know enough of the world to keep himself out of mischief. They've got him in quod, that's clear, and the best thing you can do is to send the coin and get him out again."

"Send money to those swindling Frenchmen! Never! If Benjamin is in prison, I will fetch him out myself."

"You would never risk that dreadful sea-passage," exclaimed Mrs. Fladgate. "And how will you manage the language? You don't understand French."

"Oh! I shall do very well," said the heroic woman. "They won't talk French to me!"

That same night, a female passenger crossed by the boat from Newhaven to Dieppe. The passage was rough, and the passenger was very sea-sick, but she still sat grimly upright, never for one moment relaxing her grasp on the handle of her silk umbrella. What she went through on landing, how she finally obtained her husband's release,

and what explanations passed between the re-united pair, must be left to the reader's imagination, for Mrs. Quelch never told the story. Twenty-four hours later, a four-wheeled cab drew up at the Quelches' door, and from it descended, first a stately female, and then a woe-begone little man in a soft felt hat and a red necktie, both sorely crushed and soiled, with a black bag in his hand. "Is there a fire in the kitchen?" asked Mrs. Quelch the moment she set foot in the house. Being assured that there was, she proceeded down the kitchen stairs, Quelch meekly following her. "Now," she said, pointing to the black bag. "Those — things!" Benjamin opened the bag, and tremblingly took out the frilled night-dress and the cigars. His wife pointed to the fire, and he meekly laid them on it. "Now that necktie." The necktie followed the cigars. "And that thing;" and the hat crowned the funeral pile.

The smell was peculiar, and to the ordinary nose disagreeable, but to Mrs. Quelch it was as the odor of burnt incense. She watched the heap as it smouldered away, and finally dispersed the embers by a vigorous application of the poker.

"Now, Benjamin," she said to her trembling spouse, "I forgive you. But if ever again —"

The warning was left unspoken, but it was not needed. Benjamin's one experience has more than satisfied his yearning for soft raiment and foreign travel, and his hats are taller than ever.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.
THREE WEEKS IN SAMOA.

I.

THE RIVAL MONARCHS. — A NIGHT IN THE REBEL CAMP.

THERE are days which stand out from all others as those which have given us the supreme joy of a new sensation — days which have taught us the delight to be won from some perfection in nature or art hitherto unreal-

ized. Such a day must surely dawn on any one who sees for the first time the glory of the sea which girdles the coral islands of the South Pacific. As the Norddeutscher Lloyd steamship Lübeck steamed through the hundred isles and islets which make up the Tongan group, a day-dream of pure color glowing beneath a tropical sun unfolded itself before our delighted eyes. The low shores covered with graceful cocoanut palm-trees seemed to float, not in a real ocean, but in melted jewels, or in rainbow rivers whose waters flowed into each other, changing every instant, so that a surface at one minute sapphire was at the next of a transparent green, or again of a deep amethyst tending to crimson, or of turquoise blue in a silver setting. The vivid hues were such as we had never seen before save in the tail of a peacock or in the plumage of a humming-bird or bird of paradise; now they were spread before us in waves of splendor, which neither poet nor artist could ever capture or recall. The little toilers whose reefs now destroy ships and now create fresh dwelling-places for man, at least endow the world with a heritage of beauty by building reflectors in the deep, which catch the sunbeams as they fall through the seas and send back visions born of coral, light, and water.

This radiant morning followed a stormy passage from Sydney, and though the trials thereof were much alleviated by the thoughtfulness of Captain Mentz, who resigned to us his own cabin in the steadiest part of the ship, the pause at Nukualofa, the neat and pretty capital of Tongatabu, had been no small relief.

Holy Tonga, like many another South Sea island, is engaged in an interesting political and religious drama of its own, the last act of which is not by any means played out; but we had not time for more than a visit to its fine old King George (christened by early missionaries after his Majesty George the Third), and a pleasant drive through one of its many shady, grass-grown lanes.

A tolerably calm run of forty-eight

hours brought us to the harbor of Apia, the chief town of Upolu, the principal, though not the largest, island of the Samoan group. Upolu presents a great contrast to Tonga. Though girt with coral reefs, it is itself of volcanic origin, and its lovely hills, some reaching the height of three thousand feet, rise in many places directly from the water's edge. Except in the west coast sounds of New Zealand, I never saw mountains so thickly clothed with trees of every description. Many were stately forest kings with dark-green tropical foliage; others bore brilliant flowers on their branches; the variety was endless and, as we soon discovered, the shade delicious. August, the month of our visit, being the winter season in these islands, all the blossoms were not out, but we were told that to stand on a mountain height later in the year, and to gaze on the dense mass of foliage below, was to overlook a gorgeous garden of flowers blooming on the trees.

Apia with its suburbs forms a long, straggling town partially encircling the harbor, the scene of the great hurricane when Captain Kane immortalized himself and the Calliope. The wreck of the German Adler still remains, a melancholy memento of the catastrophe.

Our kind host, Mr. Bazett Haggard, H.B.M.'s land commissioner, took us off from the Lübeck in the commission boat, painted white and gaily manned with a picked native crew dressed in white turbans and jerseys and scarlet lava-lavas or loin-cloths. A good boat and a good crew are the first requisites for a Samoan sojourn, and we had ample opportunity of proving that the Apolima is as seaworthy as she is ornamental, and that her men are worthy representatives of the natives whose nautical prowess won for the group the name of Navigators' Islands.

We landed at Matantu, the eastern suburb of Apia, where we took up our abode in Mr. Haggard's straggling two-storied house, effectually sheltered from the tropical sun by a bower of bananas, bread-fruit, candle-nut, and flamboyant trees. The balcony of this house was a splendid post of observation. From

it you could watch, passing along the shady avenue, pretty Samoan girls and smooth-skinned light-brown youths, with scarlet flowers stuck coquettishly behind their ears, laughing children and staid chiefs, white-uniformed soldiers and neatly garbed municipal police; while ever and anon a reckless rider galloped his horse along the hard road, regardless alike of its legs and of the probable fate of the passer-by. After a day or two dedicated to rest and to making acquaintance with our immediate neighbors and neighborhood, we went to pay our respects in due form to his Majesty Malietoa Laupepa, king of the Samoan Islands. This monarch, a gentleman dressed in the correct white linen coat and trousers worn by Europeans in the islands, traces his descent from the gods and heroes revered in bygone centuries. All who wish to gain without undue mental exertion an accurate idea of the modern history and present political condition of Samoa would do well to read Mr. Stevenson's "Footnote to History," which threads an almost inextricable maze in an amusing and intelligible fashion peculiar to himself. Meantime, in order to introduce the *dramatis personæ* with whom we made acquaintance, it may be permitted to retrace rapidly the story of the land and its inhabitants, without attempting to draw a rigid line between the end of legend and beginning of history.

The exact origin of the name Samoa is uncertain. One account says that the rocks married the earth and had a child called Moa or centre (of the earth), and that the country was Sa — i.e., sacred — to Moa. The more generally received legend, of which there are several versions, is that the god Lu preserved the fowls during a flood, and that he called the land thus utilized as a poultry-yard Sa-moa, sacred to moa, moa being the word for fowl in many Pacific languages. The fowls in Samoa are exceedingly noisy, presumably from elation at such divine recognition; but surely Lu has since withdrawn his patronage, for they are the smallest and skinniest creatures of their kind which

I have ever seen or tasted. The principal deity of the Samoan Pantheon was Tangaloalani, or Tangaloa of the Heavens. He had a son called Pilibuu, who came down from heaven to select a place of residence. He came to Manua, at the eastern extremity of the group, and there planted the first kava and sugarcane. Finding, however, that the place was too small for him, he left it, and landed on the island of Tutuila. Here he remained for a few days working at a fishing-net, but when he had finished he found that he had no space on the island on which to spread it out to its full extent. So he continued his voyage of discovery till he reached Upolu; here he settled down and married Sinaletavae, daughter of the king of A'ana. By her he had four sons, Tua, Sanga, Ana, and Tolufale. When the time came for him to die he made his will as follows: "To Tua, whose name he changed to Atua, he confided the care of the plantations. Sanga, henceforward Tuamasanga, received the walking-stick and fœe or fly-whisk, that he might "do the talking." Ana became A'ana with the spear and club as principal fighting-man; and Tolufale was to live on the island of Manono with charge of the war-canoes of the nation.

To all he gave this excellent advice: "When you wish to fight, fight; when you wish to work, work; when you wish to talk, talk." The first and third injunctions have been strictly observed down to the present day. Three of the chief provinces bear the names of Atua, A'ana, and Tuamasanga, and though it is rumored that Atua somewhat resented its agricultural lot, it is still regarded as a good place for plantations. Malietoa Laupepa is said to be descended from the kings of A'ana. Malietoa is one of the five "kingly names" assigned by different provinces to such heirs as they consider have a right to bear them. In order to ensure dominion over the whole country the five names ought to be borne by one individual, a consummation rather to be desired than expected. The first Malietoa won his title, which means

"gallantly strong," by, with the aid of his brother, freeing the Samoans from the Tongans, who had come over and conquered the islands.

Samoa continued as a collection of village communities governed by chiefs, and by superior chiefs, commonly called kings, and presumably descended from the four sons of Pilibuu, till long after its discovery by Bougainville and La Pérouse in the latter half of last century. Shortly before our present queen began her reign, missionaries of the Wesleyan Connexion and of the London Missionary Society took up their abode on the islands, which soon became known as an advantageous station for whaling vessels, and were, moreover, a resort for white traders, runaway convicts from New South Wales, and beachcombers, or casuals of doubtful reputation. Some of the traders, notably those who later on came to be described as the squires of Savaii (the largest island of the group), established themselves in good houses, and were renowned throughout the South Seas for their hospitality; but the fame of the "men of the beach" of Apia hardly stood high, and many queer stories are told of the modern buccaneers and adventurers who were precursors of the very respectable community which now inhabits the Samoan capital.

Some twenty years ago an American company purchased valuable property in the islands, and the United States government acquired the right, which it still retains, to use the harbor of Pango-Pango,¹ on the island of Tutuila, as a naval station. Soon afterwards Steinger, an American, who was sent out by his government as a travelling scientist, represented himself to the Samoans as a government envoy. Having had the good fortune to obtain funds from the great German firm of Goddefroy, he acquired considerable influence in the islands. He acknowledged the late Malietoa as supreme king, and drew up a constitution by which an Upper

¹ Pago-Pago. A softened *n* is sounded, though not commonly written, between *a* and *g* in Samoan words. In these pages such words are spelt as pronounced.

and a Lower House were called into existence. The Upper House has quietly disappeared, but the Faipule or Lower House still exists as an assembly of representative chiefs and talking-men from the various districts. Colonel Steinberger, however, took too much upon himself, and, at the request of the American consul, was deported to Fiji by the captain of H.M.S. Barracouta. In the ensuing years the trading interests of the Germans and of the English-speaking races were further developed; but disputes between the natives and the German firm under its director, Theodore Weber, increased in acrimony, and the unfortunate Laupepa, who had been recognized as Malietoa and as king by Germany, England, and America, was held responsible for the results by the Germans and by their consul. In 1887 the quarrels reached their climax. Five German war-ships being in Apia Bay, alleged insults to the Germans and thefts from their plantations were made the pretext for a demand for a heavy fine and public humiliation on the part of the Samoans. An immediate answer was demanded, an evasive one was given, whereupon Consul Becker declared war on Malietoa, and proclaimed the vice-king Tamasese as sovereign under German protection. To avoid injury to his subjects, Malietoa nobly gave himself up as prisoner, appointing his cousin Mataafa as temporary guardian of his people. German control with Tamasese as nominal king and a Bavarian, Captain Brandeis, as mayor of the palace, soon resulted in revolution and civil war, in which Mataafa figured as national leader. Consul Knappe, successor of Becker, involved Germany further than his government considered desirable. He tried by the proclamation of martial law to withdraw British and American subjects from the jurisdiction of their respective consuls; he summoned on shore men from the war-ship Olga, who, despite their bravery, were entrapped, outnumbered, and defeated by the followers of Mataafa, and was ultimately reprimanded and his conduct disavowed by Prince Bismarck. In

1889 came the great hurricane and destruction of German and American men-of-war, followed by the resumption at Berlin of the Conference on Samoan affairs between the three powers which had been ineffectually attempted at Washington two years before. By the treaty then drawn up Malietoa Laupepa was restored to his country, and once more acknowledged king of Samoa. The old Tamasese was now dead, and his son and heir gave in his adhesion to the new arrangement. So did Mataafa, but owing to mismanagement and misunderstanding the latter soon retreated in high dudgeon to Malie, the kingly seat, where he resides, as will presently be described, in a kind of armed camp.

The crux and source of friction between the natives and the white settlers is here, as elsewhere, the agrarian question. To solve it three commissioners have been appointed, one by each of the powers, who are to confer and adjudicate on all claims, and to grant proper titles to those whose rights are duly proved. A right of appeal from their decisions lies to the chief justice, who, in default of agreement by the three powers, was appointed by the king of Sweden. The large sums of money expended by aliens on land make the question a burning one, and the rights and wrongs on both sides are fought with extraordinary tenacity. It must not be supposed that the native appears before the commissioners quite as an injured innocent, nor can his white brother be altogether acquitted. Forged deeds and fictitious purchases on the side of the foreigner are met by repeated re-sales to different individuals on the part of the native vendor. An accurate computation shows that the amount of land claimed exceeds by some million of acres the total area of the islands. The natural inference would be that the native would starve or be driven into the sea; but, though poverty doubtless exists, no real suffering is apparent. The commissioners are remarkably unanimous. Since June, 1891, between six and seven hundred cases have been decided and

await registration, but in one only has a difference of opinion occurred which may lead to the invocation of the Court of Appeal. To show the confidence felt in titles thus conferred, it may be mentioned that a plot of ground in Apia some three-quarters of an acre in extent has been lately sold for 1,800*l.*, and that the value of land there is said to average over 1,000*l.* an acre.

On the occasion of our formal visit to King Malietoa, who has been kept waiting during this long digression, we were accompanied across the harbor by our host, her Brittanic Majesty's consul, Mr. Cusack Smith, and our interpreter, an intelligent half-caste named Yandall. Mr. Maben, Malietoa's English secretary of state, received us on landing at Mulinuu, the Westminster of Apia, and led us to the large native house where the king and Parliament awaited us. A guard of native soldiers in their white uniforms met us outside, and within a row of chairs was placed for the king and his European guests, while the chiefs and Tulaefales sat cross-legs on mats in a circle round the chamber. Just in front of our seats squatted the king's jester, wearing a garland of scarlet pandanus fruit round his neck. Then began the usual interchange of polite discourses, to which we became well accustomed during our stay in the island. Every Samoan appears to be a born orator, and the stick in hand and fly-whisk thrown over the shoulder, borne by the speaker for the time being, might be fitly introduced into the national arms. There is nothing noisy in their discourses. The language is most musical, and almost every one speaks in a low voice, even when making a formal speech. Rhetoric has been reduced to a fine art, and a special phraseology is used when speaking to or of a chief, the terms employed in designating each part of his body, and everything connected with him and his family, being quite distinct from those allotted to a common man. Consonants are persistently avoided, causing the language to sound very like Italian. "Faletua o le Alii Kovana" is, for instance, the rendering of "wife of his

Excellency the governor," and every sentence which I heard had an equally soft sound.

The office of tula fale or talking-man is eminently characteristic. Every district and every village of any size possesses a talking-man, who is at least as important a personage as the chief, being, as far as I could make out, a combination of grand vizier and popular tribune, with the functions of plenipotentiary extraordinary thrown in when need arises. Whether he or the chief really exercises the greater influence probably depends on the individuals in each locality. After the king, the principal tula fale, and myself had paid and received all proper compliments, the kava bowl was introduced. Kava is a drink extracted from the root of the *macropiper methysticum*, a kind of pepper shrub. The orthodox mode of preparation is for a young girl, or sometimes a youth, to chew the root into a pulp (in these degenerate days a grater is sometimes substituted for teeth); it is then mixed with water, and squeezed through a bunch of long bark-strings till the juice is clear and free from any pieces of root. The preparation is thrown backwards and forwards from one vessel to another, and when the maker announces that all is ready the assistants clap their hands, then some of the beverage is lifted out of the tanoa, or large wooden bowl with legs, and carried in a cocoanut shell to the principal person present. He is supposed to drain it at a draught; if not, the remainder is thrown away and the shell refilled and carried to each of the guests in turn, with the strictest regard to the rules of precedence, a kind of seneschal or herald calling out the name of the next recipient. The Samoans are exceedingly fond of kava; it does not affect the head, but a very great quantity is said to produce temporary paralysis of the limbs. Some newcomers compare the taste to soapy water. I did not think it particularly disagreeable, and can imagine that one might end by liking it, though it would always be difficult to drink the whole cupful without drawing breath. A

kava bowl in constant use ultimately acquires a beautiful blue glaze inside, and is then highly valued.

Malietao Laupepa is a singularly gentle and amiable man, whose considerate courtesy distinguishes him even amongst a people universally courteous. He, however, lacks the light-hearted gaiety which generally characterizes his subjects, and one cannot but feel that exile and trouble in the past and uncertainty concerning the future have thrown a shadow over his life. On a later occasion he and the queen gave us a native banquet, when we sat on the ground round a tablecloth of banana leaves, and the jester crouching behind received fragments of the feast as in some old baronial hall. We subsequently had the pleasure of welcoming their Majesties, their charming niece, and four representative chiefs, at a European dinner given by Mr. Haggard.

Having been duly presented to orthodox royalty, we were naturally anxious to invade the camp of Mataafa, commonly called the Rebel King. Here, however, neither commissioner nor consul could lawfully set foot, nor could the relatives of a British governor be formally introduced to the Pretender. A deep-laid scheme, quite "faa-Samoa," i.e., according to Samoan custom, was promptly concocted. The aid of Mr. Stevenson, who is, as is well known, the friend of all parties in the State, was invoked, and he undertook to include my brother and myself among the members of his family who were about to ride over to Malie and spend a night in the house of the redoubtable chieftain. Members of the official world were to know nothing about it, lest their consciences should oblige them to enter a protest, and we had to assume fictitious names, though on reflection I am not quite sure whom these were intended to deceive, as they were only used and heard by those already in the plot.

We left our temporary home in the afternoon of the appointed day, and rode by a circuitous route to meet Mr. Stevenson's detachment, who were concealed in a true conspirator's corner in

a shady lane not far from a ford, after crossing which we almost immediately found ourselves in the enemy's country.

A spice of adventure would in any case have given zest to the ride of some six or eight miles, but it was in itself delightful, now through plantations of bananas and past little native villages with their cocoanut palms and plots of zamo and taros, now along paths so narrow that the horses' legs were hidden by the tall grass and herbage of all kinds, now under avenues of forest-trees where the ground was carpeted with beds of the sensitive plant, whose tiny pink flowers are more attractive to the passer-by than to the inhabitant. A member of the German firm first planted a cutting on his child's grave, whence, after the manner of animal and vegetable life in the tropics, it quickly spread through the surrounding districts, and is now regarded as a perfect pest. The only drawbacks to our comfort were the pig-fences, as some of the horses strongly objected to cross them; yet even they caused more amusement than annoyance. These barricades are formed of upright wooden posts some two or three feet high, placed across the path where gaps occur in the rough enclosure walls, and often further fortified with rough stones piled before and behind. They are by way of restraining the too distant peregrinations of the villagers' pigs, and though such obstacles are forbidden on the public paths, it is not to be expected that any prohibition would take effect on the way to the headquarters of the king over the water.

The first intimation that we were approaching the quasi-royal village came from a man with several attendants who was beating a kind of wooden drum on the roadside, evidently intended as a welcome to our leader, who is famous among the natives under the melodious name of Tusitala, the teller of tales. A little further on the whole population came out to meet us with their pretty salutation *Talofa*, which means "a loving greeting." Though the eager inquiries for "the lady" overheard around gave reason to fear

that my incognita was not a brilliant success, we sturdily carried through our little comedy, and just before sunset rode past the rebel guard, strongly built men in native costume, for Mataafa has not followed the example of his cousin and rival by putting his army into regulation attire. He himself wears a white coat, but adheres to the lava-lava instead of trousers. He is a fine-looking man, and received us with much dignity, though with manifest pleasure.

His house is a large one, perhaps fifty feet long by forty wide, and is of the usual oval, or rather elliptical, shape. Like all chiefs' houses, it consists of a high-pitched roof made of sugarcane leaves, which are strung on to reeds so ingeniously that within they appear to form a neat, mat-like ceiling, while without they fall over in a thick thatch. The roof is supported on strong posts and cross-beams of bread-fruit or other substantial trees, and the eaves descend very low. In the middle rise two or three very strong centre posts made of the trunks of specially selected trees, like the roof-tree of the Norsemen. These sometimes divide picturesquely into two main stems, and across them are fastened one or two beams, according to the dignity of the chief, sharpened at either end something like the prows of ships. No nails are used, all the beams and posts being securely bound together with cocoanut fibre. A single room occupies the whole of the interior, nor are there any outer walls, blinds of cocoanut matting being let down at night or when required as a protection against the weather. The ground is covered with stones and pebbles laid so as to make a perfectly level floor, and over these are spread an abundant supply of mats. Everything is kept scrupulously clean, and the wood-work often decorated with creepers. As a rule there is no furniture except the mats and one or two chests to contain the family treasures; but Mataafa had prepared two tables, one covered with a black and white woollen shawl which rather spoilt the effect, the other more congruously

with tapa. Tapa is the inner bark of the tutunga or paper-mulberry, beaten into a useful cloth and stained in red, black, brown, and yellow patterns with burnt candle-nut and other native dyes.

A chair apiece had been provided for our accommodation, and when we were seated cocoanuts were brought in. Cocoanut milk when the nuts are freshly gathered is delicious and refreshing; the top of the nut is sliced off, and the only difficulty to the uninitiated is to drink the contents without spilling them, as the nutty part makes a very thick cup. After a few minutes' conversation, Mataafa begged to be excused while he attended evening prayer. The Pretender is a devout Roman Catholic, and some dread lest renewed civil war should assume a religious character, Malietoa being an adherent of the London missionaries. Service ended, we resumed our talk through the medium of a handsome young chief who had accompanied our party, and Mataafa showed us with great pride a splendid gold watch which had been presented to him by the United States government, as an acknowledgment of the services rendered by his people in rescuing American sailors at the time of the hurricane.

Our dinner, which was cooked in an outer building, and served on a table in the back part of the house, consisted of pigeons, chickens, taros, and yams; we were supplied with plates, knives, and forks, while Mataafa, who sat with us, ate with his fingers. As usual in native repasts, neither bread nor salt was provided, and another supply of cocoanut milk was the beverage. After an interval, when we had returned to the fore part of the apartment, the inevitable kava appeared. This was felt to be the critical moment, as, though native politeness had prevented a direct interrogation, many fishing questions as to "the family" present had been asked. This was private kava, not king's kava, when certain chiefs always take precedence, and we knew that the cup would be first offered to the guest who was considered of highest rank. When therefore the cocoanut containing the

kava was given to me before any of the others present, the difficulty of keeping our countenances was great, and we were thankful that no such serious consequences would attend the penetration of our disguise as might have befallen a Hanoverian spy found in a Jacobite camp in '45. The scene was really somewhat romantic; the mixed company of Europeans and natives seated within the glimmer of a small lamp, the dusky, dark-eyed forms flitting to and fro in the background, and, last but not least, the fine old talking-man Popo, who when his king drank shouted in stentorian voice one or more of the royal names—"The triumph of his pledge" of Hamlet. Popo is a remarkable character; he lived before the days of Christianity, though now he wears round his neck a little cross as the symbol of his faith. He is quite unlike the ordinary native, who, however handsome, has almost always the broad and rather flat cheek-bones of the Malay type; while, as Mr. Stevenson records:

with an aquiline face designed
Like Dante's, he who had worshipped
feathers and shells and wood,
As a pillar alone in the desert that points
where a city stood,
Survived the world that was his, playmates
and gods and tongue,
For even the speech of his race had altered
since Pope was young.

Preparations for our night's rest were already in progress. Generally in a native house all lie down on mats and sleep in the common room, but Mataafa, having been forewarned of the arrival of a lady somewhat unaccustomed to Samoan arrangements, had prepared a very large tapa curtain, which was now dropped, and a portion of the house thereby partitioned off for Mrs. Strong (Mr. Stevenson's step-daughter) and myself. Behind this curtain a pile of fine mats was laid upon the ground with the further luxuries of a pillow apiece, while a mosquito curtain descended over our couch, where we soon slept as soundly as on any English bed, rejoicing in the soft, warm climate which renders sheets and blankets unnecessary.

The mats on which we reposed form part of the wealth of their possessor. Before the introduction of money, mats were the medium of exchange; they were, and are, the dowry of brides, and tribal wars have been waged for those of peculiar value. Some are historic, and called by special names, like diamonds and rubies in other kingdoms. Many of the finest come from the Wallis Islands, a small group lying to the west of Samoa. The mother of our interpreter owns one of extraordinary fineness and antiquity, the history of which is not a bad example of a Samoan myth, of the value attached to such articles, and also of their descent in the female line.

A woman who was a spirit made the mat; she first worked upon the ground, whence the mat was called *Stick-to-the-ground*, or *Pibiimaleelele*. When other people saw her working there she retired to the "vine" (creepers are commonly called "vines" in Samoa) and concealed the mat there for several days; afterwards she embarked in a canoe and continued her labors on it; the canoe being capsized and thrown on shore, with undaunted perseverance she worked under it, the mat receiving a fresh name from each scene of her toil. When she emerged from her last shelter the good *Tangaloalani* saw her, and, fascinated either by her charms or by those of the mat, took her for his wife and carried both up to heaven. A daughter was born and endowed with the mat. This girl looked down from heaven, and saw a fine-looking man working in the bush near the village of Manase. He wore a red lava-lava made of the feathers of a Fijian bird of paradise. Delighted with his appearance, she descended in a shower of rain with a view to making his acquaintance, but unfortunately her action destroyed the illusion, for the owner of the scarlet garment feared lest it should be spoilt by the rain, and took it off. Emerging from the cloud, the girl advanced towards him and asked, "Where is the man whom I saw from heaven wearing a fine lava-lava?" "I am he," was the answer. The incredulous maiden,

with more candor than politeness, retorted, "The man I saw was not so ugly as you." The gentleman does not seem to have taken offence, but assured her, "I am the same as before, but you saw me from a distance with a red lava-lava on." In vain did he resume his adornment; she would not have him, and, procuring a canoe from Manase, went to another village. Before she landed the canoe capsized, but she went ashore and washed the mat in fresh water, by which it acquired yet another name—Matumaivai, or Dry-from-the-water. She married, and it is particularly stated that she did not give her husband the mat, reserving it as the portion of her eldest daughter, to whom she confided it with the warning, "If you ever put this mat out to dry in the sun the weather will become dark with rain and hurricane." "Since that time," said my informant, who brought the mat to show to me carefully enveloped in a cloth, "the mat is never taken out to dry in the sun."

To return to the night spent in the citadel of the rebel chieftain. Mataafa assigned another house to his men-guests, and himself, with I know not how many retainers, slept on the other side of our curtain, while the royal guard kept watch without the house. Perhaps the strangest impression amid such surroundings was to be wakened at early dawn by the singing in the chapel close by. Surely the sun cannot now rise in any part of the heavens unhailed by the song of the Christian Church!

A breakfast resembling our supper of the previous evening was prepared for us, but the obligations of his faith compelled poor Mataafa to fast, yet another surprise in the life of a nominal "savage." After breakfast we adjourned to the new Government House, the largest native house in Samoa; it faces the palace, a kind of village green intervening. This building is very elaborately constructed, and on the cross-beams inside were perched three large painted wooden birds, in remembrance of the fact that Mataafa's father was called King of the Birds. I saw no

attempt at similar ornamentation in any other native house.

We squatted on the ground at one end of the hall, and some thirty or forty chiefs sat round in a circle, after the fashion of the Parliament at Mulinuu. "After compliments," kava was made by a gorgeously attired youth in a high headdress of hair and feathers, with two small looking-glasses inserted in front. After the king the most important person present was the head of the warriors, and an interminable etiquette attended his reception of the cup. It was brought to him five times before he would deign to accept it, and on each refusal, accompanied as it was by disdainful or disparaging words, the bearer had to humbly take back the vessel, and get it refilled. The sixth attempt was satisfactory to the exacting commander-in-chief, who then had to receive it five times before he had sufficiently asserted the dignity of his office. We were told that this ceremony was a relic of the times when, the supply of drink being scanty, the head warrior would refuse his share for the sake of his king. In fact, some such sentiments were expected of him as those which actuated David and the captains who brought him water from the well of Bethlehem.

Next in order among the recipients of the kava was an old man who represented one of the kingly names borne by Mataafa, and after him a libation was poured upon a stone which was placed high up among the chiefs who sat upon our right, and which represented another name. Mataafa, he it said, claims to be the possessor of four out of the five names necessary to the complete monarch. After the stone had received its share, another pantomime was gone through. An aged chief stretched himself on the mat and placed his head, or rather his neck, on the uncomfortable bamboo head-rest used as a pillow by Samoans. He was then covered up, head and all, with tapa, and by his groans gave evidence of a sudden and severe malady. His friends proceeded energetically to massage him, a remedy well understood

and often adopted in the islands, after which they gave him some kava and immediately restored him to health. Several others went through small performances, such as changing their places before drinking, but none were so elaborate as those already described. We found that we had not done with the head warrior even after his five draughts, for he had to receive the cup again when the turn came of the village which he represented. Two who came from the same place shared a cup in token of special brotherhood. Mataafa probably keeps up these old customs with a view to maintaining the national spirit. When we shook hands with the chiefs at the conclusion of the ceremony, the commander-in-chief laid aside the stern and haughty air which he had hitherto maintained and was peculiarly smiling and amiable.

After bidding farewell to Mataafa and to his good-natured daughter, who had acted as hostess, we rode back to Apia, and were in the course of a few days much entertained by the legends circulated respecting our visit, and the large subsidies with which we were reported to have furnished the malcontent. The only conspiracy which I remarked during my brief sojourn at his headquarters was a rather laudable one—to induce his people to plant cacao, and, if possible, to interest them in the cultivation of fausoga and other fibrous plants, which it is supposed may be utilized for making hemp and textile fabrics. The staple produce of the islands at present is copra, though coffee, cacao, and sugarcane are cultivated to a lesser extent, and bananas are plentiful. The over-production of copra on these and other islands has, however, brought down the price, and it is justly considered advisable to try to introduce fresh articles of commerce. Without venturing far on the thorny path of Samoan politics, it may be said that of the two rivals Mataafa is generally considered the stronger, both individually and as regards his following. It is asserted that, were the control of the consuls withdrawn, he would “sweep Malietoa into the sea.” On the other

hand, Malietoa has the better hereditary right, and, by the direction of the three powers, he does receive consular support. Should this fail him and he be “swept into the sea,” several districts would still oppose Mataafa, and confusion probably become worse confounded. Personally both are honorable and well-intentioned men, deserving of respect, and, under the circumstances, of sympathy. It is to be regretted that they were ever allowed to drift asunder, and to be wished that a reconciliation might yet be effected between them.

M. E. JERSEY.

From Chambers' Journal.

POEMS ON POEMS.

IF it be true, as Mr. Russell Lowell asserts, that a highly artificial condition of poetry precedes total extinction, the stream of British song must be fast drying up. The revival, by the school of Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. Edmund Gosse, of the “Old French” forms of verse, is one of the most interesting phenomena in recent poetry. Landor said that the writing of epigrams was a degradation of the poet's office. The elder Disraeli classed the literary gymnastics of Villon and his imitators among the follies of literature. The Troubadours, the Trouvères, and the early Italians are, it is true, devotedly admired by those who look at them through the gold-rimmed spectacles of antiquarianism; but persons who are not smitten with the black-letter mania regard the ancient makers of ballades and villanelles as the concocters of an elaborate “code of poetical jurisprudence, with titles and sub-titles applicable to every form of verse, and tyrannous over every mode of sentiment.”

The last clause contains the pith of the whole matter. Do complex verse-forms cramp the expression of poetic thought? If they do, can the use of them be defended? That they are very pretty when skilfully composed, no one will dispute. That the making of them is a charming pastime, no one

who has ventured an experiment will deny. But are they fetters on poetic utterance? Perhaps the safest answer is, that some are, and some are not. The sonnet and the rondeau, for example, are capable of as much naturalness of expression as is the form in which Tennyson wrote "The Poet." The triolet, on the other hand, although a very dainty plaything, is too frivolously artificial for serious use. But even the frailest and most rule-ridden of these forms—such as the triolet, the villanelle, and the kyrielle—may contain a very pretty *lore*-poem or a dainty *jeu d'esprit*.

The employment and enjoyment of such verse-forms do not necessarily denote an insipid dilettantism. The fetters of one's own forging are not always irksome. There is a genuine pleasure in the solution of a self-set puzzle or the accomplishment of a self-imposed task. There *are* those "who feel the weight of too much liberty." And these words remind us that Wordsworth has, in the sonnet of which they form part, made the best defence of that and kindred forms of verse. This, and the one beginning "Scorn not the Sonnet," are perhaps the very best of poems on poems. Both are so well known that we need not quote them. We print, instead, a sonnet of similar character, and a not unworthy echo of our greatest sonneteer. It is the work of an American writer, Mr. R. W. Gilder, and was published in 1879, in a volume entitled "The Poet and his Master; and other Poems :"—

What is a sonnet? 'Tis a pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring
sea;

A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's ardent ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's
breath;

The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
The colored glass where Shakespeare's
shadow falls;

A sea this is—beware who ventureth!

Fair like a fjord the narrow floor is laid,
Deep as mid ocean and sheer mountain
walls.

Sonnets on the sonnet have been written by Dante, Keats, Rossetti, Joséphin Soulayr — whose performance elicited the warmest admiration of Sainte-Beuve — Schlegel, Lope de Vega, Ebenezer Elliott (the Corn-law Rhym-er), William Sharp, Theodore Watts, Edith Thompson, Julia Dorr, J. C. Earle, and Anthony Morehead. The works of these writers are within the reach of most of those who feel curiosity enough to consult them. We will not, therefore, quote. But many readers may not have seen the following two burlesque sonnets, which deserve preservation. The first was written by Mr. John Adams, the biographer of Camoens, and addressed to the late Archdeacon Coxé :—

You said last night that you had tried a
sonnet,
Which 'cross the street you'd send to let
me see.

Quite lost to guess what subject it may be,
I'm all anxiety that I should con it.
I hope no flea has got within your bonnet
To make you think that you can rival me.
You'll raise my ire, you may depend upon
it;

The very thought calls up my chivalry.
Don't mind, however, what above I've
wrote;

Its beauties all my wrath may soon assuage,
And if it's good, adieu to all my rage!
And I'll transfer to you the fame I've
bought.

Of strictest rule I hope it bears the signs
Right measured verse, and only fourteen
lines.

The other appeared in a Dublin mag-
azine which has since ceased :—

Well, if it must be so, it must; and I,
Albeit unskilful in the tuneful art,
Will make a sonnet; or at least I'll try
To make a sonnet, and perform my part.
But in a sonnet everybody knows
There must be always fourteen lines; my
heart

Sinks at the thought; but, courage, here it
goes.

There are seven lines already: could I get
Seven more, the task would be performed;
and yet

It will be like a horse before a cart ;
For somehow rhyme has got a wondrous
start
Of reason, and while puzzling on I've let
The subject slip. What shall it be ? But
stay,
Here comes the fourteenth line. 'Tis done.
Huzzā !

The rondeau, roundel, and ballade are, after the sonnet, the artificial verse-forms which have been most successfully used in our language. English poets have, however, introduced several forms of "spurious" measure ; notably the Swinburnian. The length of the line in Mr. Swinburne's "roundel" makes it much easier to write than the "genuine" poem. Indeed, it may be laid down as a general rule that the difficulty of these quaint poetical puzzles diminishes in proportion to the lengthening of their lines.

In illustration of the rondeau and its kindred, one need no more than refer to Mr. Swinburne's splendid example beginning, "A roundel is wrought as a ring or a starbright sphere." Mr. J. Cameron Grant has a "genuine" roundel on the roundel in his "New Verse in Old Vesture." By the way, Mr. Grant is the only English writer who has ventured to compose a volume consisting entirely of "Old French forms." The earliest known rondeau on the rondeau is found in a volume entitled "Rondeaux ; translated from the black-letter French edition of 1527, by J. R. Best, Esq." It was published in 1838. This poem has very little artistic merit ; but it is worthy of mention because it is probably the first of its kind in our language. We cannot refrain from quoting this very pretty rondeau by Mr. Austin Dobson. It is paraphrased from a little gem by Voiture, and does not, we believe, appear in recent editions of Mr. Dobson's poems :

You bid me try, BLUE EYES, to write
A Rondeau. What ! forthwith ? — to-night ?
Reflect. Some skill I have, 'tis true ;
But thirteen lines ! — and rhymed on two !
"Refrain," as well ! Ah, hapless plight !
Still, there are five lines — ranged aright.
These Gallic bonds, I fear'd, would affright
My easy Muse. They did, till you —

You bid me try !
That makes them eight. — The port's in
sight ;
'Tis all because your eyes are bright !
Now just a pair to end in "oo," —
When maids command, what can't we do !
Behold ! The Rondeau — tasteful, light —
You bid me try.

Perhaps the best ballade on the ballade is the following, in which Mr. Clinton Scolland very ingeniously refers to several of the "Old French forms : " —

Of all the songs that dwell
Where softest speech doth flow,
Some love the soft rondel,
And some the bright rondeau,
With rhymes that tripping go,
In mirthful measures clad ;
But would I choose them ? — No ;
For me the blithe ballade !

O'er some, the villanelle
That sets the heart aglow,
Doth its enchanting spell,
With lines recurring, throw ;
Some, weighed with wasteful woe,
Gay triplets make them glad ;
But would I choose them ? — No ;
For me the blithe ballade !

On chant of stately swell
With measured feet and slow,
As grave as minster bell
At vesper tolling slow,
Do some their praise bestow ;
Some on sestinas sad ;
But would I choose them ? — No ;
For me the blithe ballade !

Prince, to these songs a-row
The Muse might endless add ;
But would I choose them ? — No ;
For me the blithe ballade !

Mr. Augustus M. Moore has written a humorous "Ballade of Ballade-mongers ;" and a witty poet, whose modesty publishes none but the initial letters of his name (G. H.), has printed a ballade entitled "Malapropos," in which he is cruel enough to say that "Rondeau and ballade to the devil drive."

Of the remaining and frailer forms of verse, the triolet is perhaps the most popular. With its shorter measure and its refrains, and only two true rhymes for eight lines, it is a most difficult verse to make. However, Mr. W. E.

Henley says it is easy "if you really learn to make it : " —

Easy is the Triolet
If you really learn to make it !
Once a neat refrain you get,
Easy is the Triolet.
As you see ! — I pay my debt
With another rhyme. Deuce take it !
Easy is the Triolet
If you really learn to make it.

Mr. J. C. Grant, on the other hand, thinks the triolet too delicate for our English climate. So he writes : —

Skip little Triolet,
Back to your Race !
You are no violet —
Skip, little Triolet ;
Vainly you say, "Oh let
Me have a place !"
Skip, little Triolet,
Back to your Race !

About three years ago an American paper published a series of five amusing triolets. We venture to quote the second and third : —

The Dictionary teaches me
The Triolet receipt :
The verses of eight lines must be :
The Dictionary teaches me
The first line, by the recipe,
Three times I must repeat.
The Dictionary teaches me
The Triolet receipt.

The second line must reappear
To form the final line ;
No matter if it soundeth queer,
The second line must reappear ;
When poetry is far from clear
It is considered fine !
The second line must reappear
To form the final line.

The villanelle is another form very difficult to manage ; but says Mr. Henley, "it serves its purpose passing well." Listen while he sings its praises :

A dainty thing 's the Villanelle ;
Shy, musical, a jewel in rhyme ;
It serves its purpose passing well.
A double-clapped silver bell
That must be made to clink in chime :
A dainty thing 's the Villanelle.

(These are the first six lines of Mr.

Henley's villanelle on the villanelle). We do not know a *kyrielle* on the *kyrielle* in English ; but there is a very dainty one in French by Theodore de Banville.

But why, one may ask, should the poet cramp his poetry by confining it within such an arbitrary form as that of the triolet or the villanelle ? Why not write a sonnet of fifteen lines, without rhyme, and in any convenient metre ? Let us ask this question of two of the most skilful modern users of these forms — Mr. E. W. Gosse and Mr. Austin Dobson.

Why, Mr. Gosse ? "Because," he replies, "the history of literature proves that law is better than anarchy, and the exact shape conceded by our ancestors to a form of verse is practically found, in spite of, or because of, its very difficulties, to be productive of a certain kind of art ("A Plea for some Exotic Forms of Verse ;" *Cornhill Magazine*, July, 1877).

Mr. Dobson thinks the revived verse-forms may add the new charms of buoyancy and lyric freshness to our amatory and familiar verse, which is already too much condemned to faded measures and outworn cadences. Taking a less artistic standpoint, he pleads for them as "admirable vehicles for the expression of *jeux d'esprit*." Thirdly, he recommends them to would-be poets, by stating that "a course of *rondeaux*, *triolet*s, and *ballades*" is an excellent training for those ambitious of poetic laurels. Mr. Dobson well says that undoubtedly many who read sonnets in the days of Surrey and Wyatt scorned the mechanical form as a "new-fangled Italian conceit ;" but then, those readers could not foresee Milton's "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd saints." Therefore, we must not sneer at Mr. Dobson when he pictures the Shakespeare of the future "unlocking his heart" with a *rondeau*. And even if such quaint measures be but playthings, who, in these dull days, can have the heart to preach seriousness to the frolicsome poets at play ?

From *The Argosy*.
SOCIABILITY OF SQUIRRELS.

My first acquaintance with this agreeable quality in the agile, graceful creatures, darting from bough to bough in our English woods, was made when I was staying at a beautiful country house in Devonshire. I used often to sit very quietly sketching under the fine old trees, and the squirrels would come to the end of an overhanging bough, and watch my proceedings with apparent interest.

As I do not understand their dialect, I cannot say what might be their opinion of my performances, but they chatted very merrily, seeming glad to welcome an intruder on their solitude.

For many years our own home was in the middle of a pine wood, and there a much more intimate friendship was formed with the squirrels. Our gardener found a young one caught in a net in the strawberry bed, and brought it to me. It was kept for some time in a squirrel-cage, where it seemed tolerably contented; but we were not happy about our small captive. Accidentally, or purposely, the door was left open, and we were glad when it regained its liberty.

A day or two afterwards, a young lady who was staying in the house told us that our squirrel had run up to her in the gravel walk; and next morning Charlie made his appearance at the dining-room window. His visits were repeated for several days. No attempt was made to capture him. He ran about the room as if in search of something; and at last jumped on a canary's cage which hung in the window.

"I believe he is looking for his own old home," I said. And immediately upon my fetching it from the loft where it had been put away, Charlie ran in, and gave himself a swing on the roller, and ate the nuts we placed in the tray.

It is to be supposed that Charlie told his friends that we were lovers of animals, and might be trusted; for other squirrels frequently visited us, in the house and in the grounds. Those were the happy days—for quiet country ladies—of croquet-playing; and we

had a levelled ground in a part of the fir wood, near the garden, where we often spent the summer afternoons. There the squirrels were quite at home, and would run up our mallets, and sit upon our shoulders, or even on the crowns of our hats.

Some of our visitors they made acquaintance with immediately, others they always avoided. A little toy-terrier, with a bell attached to its collar, which the cunning little creature used to try to silence, that it might steal upon our favorites unheard, was their peculiar aversion; but our own pet Skye, St. Barbe, would let them climb over his back, and frolic about him without stirring an inch.

Mrs. Brightwen in her admirable volume, "*Wild Nature tamed by Kindness*," is quite right in affirming that quietness is the great conciliator of animals. An abrupt gesture will at once startle and drive them away; but if you sit still they will gain confidence, and come nearer and nearer, till they learn to feed out of your hand, to nestle in the folds of your dress, and even to search in your pockets for nuts and crusts of bread which they know you often carry about with you.

One of my sisters, who was particularly gentle in voice and manner, and very fond of animals, exercised a peculiar charm over the squirrels. She often got up at five o'clock to feed them, when they pattered across the verandah to her window; and she always kept a store of food for them. A china jar of nuts stood on the mantelpiece, and she more than once remarked on its becoming mysteriously empty. At last it was discovered that the squirrels came into the room, lifted off the lid, and helped themselves without breaking the fragile ornament.

We kept a good many fowls—bantams and half-bantams—which had a fancy for roosting in the fir-trees, and one of the hens would persist in laying her eggs in a squirrel's nest. This was carrying sociability too far, and the squirrel got into a rage and danced round it until the eggs were removed.

The window where the squirrel's

cage stood was also a favorite resort of our hens, who always brought their young broods there, and often came to be fed. They did not approve of the squirrels, and would gather in a circle round one of them, on the lawn, attracting us to the windows by their furious and noisy cackling.

Charlie would remain quite still till the circle had gradually drawn closer; then, with a sudden spring, would jump high over their heads, and in another moment be chattering at them from the boughs of a magnificent ilex-tree, in which he and his friends greatly delighted.

That wide verandah supported by rough, unpainted pine trunks finally cost us the loss of our company of squirrels. The poles grew rotten, and had to be replaced. It was a very noisy, tedious operation, nearly overcoming our own patience, and quite tiring out that of our wild little pets. Perhaps the workmen teased or frightened them. They never afterwards renewed their visits.

Quite a growth of nut bushes threatened to grow up on the lawn, where they buried their spoil. They always secreted a few when fed, and carried them away. I suppose they forgot where they were hidden, for in all parts of the grounds tiny trees sprang up, where, certainly they had never been planted by human hands.

The gamekeepers from a neighboring estate came purposely to see our squirrels, and went away satisfied with the truth of their master's report of the tameness to which they had been brought by the exercise of sympathy, discretion, and the total absence of restraint and coercion.

The son of St. Barbe, the dog who was so friendly with our squirrels, could not bear them, and used to try to climb trees in pursuit of them. Rough was also naturally averse to cats, but formed such a friendship with one of ours and her progeny that, unless the kittens were sent too far away, he would fetch them back.

Once our maids could not get the dog to move from the roof of a fir-tree, half way between Heathside and Parkstone, until he had coaxed down one of these kittens, which had been given away, and was lying hidden among the branches, where it had taken refuge after trying to find its way to its birth-place.

Rough persisted in his solicitations until they were crowned with complete success. Then, after kissing each other, the affectionate couple walked home side by side contentedly. The mother cat was often seen "kissing with patient love the stone that marks his burial-ground;" and mournfully prowling round the spot just above the croquet lawn, where our first favorite, the Heathside dog, was laid.

Nature vindicates herself, and Providence rebukes man's feeble judgment. If you feed the wild birds well, they will not be such pilferers of your seeds and fruits, and they will clear your shrubs and trees of their deadlier insect foes. The always harmonious sounds which haunt our hills and groves will give us sweeter melody than hired musicians. But the miscalled "Dumb Animals" can speak for themselves.

List to our hundred voices heard by mount,
and stream, and rill,
The thousand mingled tones that rise above
the distant hill.

We ask no subtle orators to plead in our
great cause,
We take it from your judgment halls, we
bow not to your laws;
High in the heavens our voice is heard,
there judgment shall be given,
The Lord of man and beast presides in the
great court of heaven!

That great immortal Father who sees the
sparrow fall,
In whose kind ear our separate tones form
one harmonious call,
Who knows the wants and feels the woes of
every living thing,
From the spider on the dungeon-wall to the
forests' mighty king.

ROSA MACKENZIE KETTLE.

